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GENERAL MOTORS AND GENERAL ANDREWS have both had a good deal of attention in the public prints lately. General Andrews, our prohibition director, declares his mission to England to obtain the aid of that country in enforcing the Volstead law was "125 per cent successful," but he refuses any details. General Motors, our foremost industrial corporation, declares a 50 per cent stock dividend, and there are enough details to convince anybody. The distribution is estimated as worth some $600,000,000, a greater melon than even the famous 400 per cent stock dividend of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey in 1922. In addition to its regular dividend of 7 per cent, General Motors has already paid extra cash dividends on its common shares of 5 and 4 per cent this year in addition to its stock distribution. The net earnings on the common stock for the first six months of this year were $17.33 per share. In accordance with the tenets of our industrial system these fabulous profits go to the men who have put their dollars into the enterprise, not to the workers who have put into it their labor, their skill, and their lives. As between the 50 per cent success of General Motors and the 125 per cent success of General Andrews, the former would seem to be the more negotiable. In fact, General Andrews reminds us of the old argument between the parson and the judge as to who was most powerful. "I can consign a man to hell," boasted the parson, "whereas you can send him only to jail." "Yes," replied the judge, "but when I send a man to jail he goes."

NEARLY TWO MILLION CHILDREN of British coal miners are in actual want as the result of the fifteen weeks of strike and lockout. The poverty of the British miners is a tragic thing even when they are working for full-time wages, but when unemployment and strikes cut off normal pay it is difficult to see how their families live at all. Many of the miners' families are living on two dollars and a half of grocery tickets a week. The women's relief committee is spending $3,000 a week on work among nursing and expectant mothers. Even if negotiations in London should end the strike in the near future, the need of the miners' families will be very great. The Women's Committee for the Relief of British Miners' Wives and Children has an office at Room 904, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York. Checks may be sent to Miss Ellen Wilkinson, chairman, or Miss Evelyn Preston, treasurer.

ATLEE POMERENE won the Democratic Senatorial primary in Ohio from Judge Florence Allen, and is accordingly being groomed for the Presidency. There is, so far as we can discover, little to recommend Mr. Pomerene for the post except the fact that he is colorless; and we doubt if colorlessness is enough. Warren Harding won the Republican nomination in 1920 because he seemed an adequately pallid compromise candidate after Wood and Lowden had torn each other's chances to bits. But in the election he was faced by the even more colorless James N. Cox—doubtless many readers of *The Nation* would be unable to remember today where they had heard that name before—and overwhelmed him. In 1924 McAdoo and Smith fought each other to the death in Madison Square Garden, and John W. Davis was named on the theory that a good candidate was a man who had made few enemies. The guess was wrong; either McAdoo or Smith, despite the bitter enmities of Madison Square, would have made a better campaign. If the Democrats should be foolish enough to nominate for the Presidency a vapid Pomerene we predict another overwhelming defeat. We will venture another prophecy: They will not nominate Pomerene, because he will be defeated at the polls by the handsome, florid, oratorical Senator Willis who at least knows an issue when he sees it, and does not attempt like Pomerene to go through a campaign without mentioning prohibition.

"VIC" DONAHEY, the ardent Dry who won his third Democratic nomination for Governor of Ohio, also nurses Presidential ambitions, and has no love for Mr. Pomerene. His Republican opponent, like Senator Willis, is also a Dry. So Ohio's primaries gave as little comfort to the Wet friends of "Al" Smith as did Alabama's, where Klan-sponsored candidates rode to victory, after charging their opponents with the infamous—in Alabama—crime of being sympathetic to a Catholic's presidential aspirations.

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In Arkansas a Wet, J. E. Martineau, captured the Democratic nomination for governor, but Senator Caraway, bone-dry, won his renomination without even bothering to make a campaign. It was Senator Caraway who recently made the shrewd prophecy that if "Al" Smith could get the nomination he would carry the South and the country for the Presidency; but that he could not get a Southern vote at the convention for the nomination. He also thought that if the unit rule, which binds State delegations to vote solidly, and the two-thirds rule, which defeated Champ Clark in 1912 and McAdoo in 1924, were abolished "Al" would get the nomination. Maybe. Meanwhile "Brother Charley" Bryan has come back into the field by winning the Democratic nomination for his old post of Governor of Nebraska. And the Tenth District of Kentucky has proved loyal to the New Feminism by nominating Mrs. John W. Langley to fill her husband's post in Congress while he takes up a temporary residence in Atlanta Penitentiary, following his conviction for illegally removing whiskey from government warehouses.

CARMI THOMPSON'S BODYGUARD of newspapermen is doing its best to persuade America that Philippine opinion is divided upon independence and rubber. They make much of the fact that a Filipino assemblyman has introduced a bill to permit corporations to acquire more than the four square miles of rubber lands which the present law allows them; they do not mention the fact that the sponsor of this measure owes his membership in the Assembly to appointment by Governor General Wood. No elected Filipino would dare make such a proposal. Other correspondents hail Aguinaldo's friendship with Governor Wood, apparently unaware that Aguinaldo, precisely because of that association, has lost his popular following in the islands. He may soon lose even his presidency of the Veteranos de la Revolucion, which he himself founded; and his government pension may be cut off because of his intimacy with the hated Wood. And not even Aguinaldo dares openly oppose independence; not one Filipino leader has come out against it. Wherever Carmi Thompson and the reporters have gone, with one exception, they have been met with independence demonstrations. That one exception was the Havemeyer sugar estates in Mindoro. The villagers may be backward, but they have absorbed the traditional belief in self-government which America itself seems to be losing.

MEXICO'S LAWS, harsh as they are, permit priests of Mexican birth to offer the sacraments in church edifices to the faithful. But the Catholic church, in its violent effort to bring the Mexican Government to terms, is refusing to permit even its Mexican-born priests to perform their sacerdotal functions. To deny good Catholics the privilege of mass while teaching that mass is an important means to salvation hardly seems Christian. From the church's own point of view it would seem that it was committing a grievous moral and spiritual wrong to its own members. No sign appears that the Government is thinking of yielding. The protests by foreign Catholics have only strengthened its position at home; indeed it is now talking of prosecuting the archbishop for criticizing the anti-clerical laws and of removing federal prosecutors who have not been sufficiently stern in prosecuting priests who violated the laws. It would seem time for a truce. We would urge the Mexican Government to permit the priests the widest latitude in criticizing the laws; and we would urge the church to accept and obey them while seeking their repeal.

ANOTHER FORMIDABLE REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT to overthrow the Soviet Government has started and died—in press dispatches from Bucharest, Copenhagen, Paris, and Berlin. This time Stalin was murdered, Trotzky in flight, Zinoviev exiled, and a Menshevik army marching on Moscow. Most editors refused to accept the rumors without a whole shaker of salt, but the New York *World's* Paris correspondent scribbled as in the good old days of 1917-1920, the New York *American* plastered several editions with sensational collapse-news, not omitting the usual headline, End of Soviet Rule Foreseen by Kerensky, and the Indianapolis *Star* gloated editorially over the certain downfall of an economic system opposed to American business morals. The decreasing gullibility of the press concerning alarmist news from Russia is encouraging; perhaps it is related to the growing conviction among American business men that Russia is a valuable market. Certainly the Associated Press came through the last orgy of rumors with no sensational myths to its debit: its Moscow correspondent cabled that

> Peace and order reign throughout Russia. M. Stalin continues to direct affairs of state from his sanctum in the Kremlin. Trotzky, who occupies a small apartment near that of M. Stalin, is engrossed in literary pursuits and work for the concessions committee, while Zinoviev is taking a much-needed period of rest in the Caucasus. . . . There has been no mobilization of Soviet troops, as reported abroad, nor has there been the slightest indication of any uprising within the army. . . . Moscow is as quiet as any American city on Sunday morning.

THE PASSAIC STRIKERS have been admitted to the United Textile Workers of America; the United Front Committee is destined to pass from the scene; and its Communist head, Albert Weisbord, has promised to withdraw from all participation in the affairs of the new local. Thus a young and outcast strike organization becomes a duly legitimatized union and is taken into the respectable family of the American Federation of Labor. It will be harder now for the employers to refuse to associate with it. During the long weeks of struggle they have exploited and capitalized the Communist affiliations of the strike leader and some of his associates. They have charged that the strike was directed from Communist headquarters in Chicago, if not from Moscow. They have, perhaps, dragged this red herring around a bit too freely. The transformation of a group of strikers whom they have advertised as bolsheviks and rebels into a local of one of the most conservative unions in the American Federation of Labor has snatched their herring away. They are left with the uncomfortable alternative of discussing terms with their workers or of thinking up a new set of excuses.

JUDGE ROBERT C. BALTZELL of the United States District Court was a major factor in breaking the recent strike of Indianapolis street-car men with an injunction enforced in the Daugherty manner. The motormen and conductors of the Indianapolis Street Railway Company, who received 37 to 42 cents an hour, joined the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employees and

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went on strike for a wage increase and the recognition of their union. They had not even started their strike when Judge Baltzell issued a sweeping injunction ordering them not to persuade any workers to break their "labor contract" with the company. John M. Parker and Robert C. Armstrong, international vice-presidents of the union, were sent to Marion County jail for ninety days for contempt of court without a trial by jury because they expressed themselves in favor of the strike. Harry Boggs, the local union president, escaped to West Virginia, but was brought back and jailed. Parker and Armstrong were released on $10,000 bond only after they promised to leave town. So the strike was beaten and Indianapolis made safe for a 37-cent wage scale.

COULD MEN BE SENT TO PRISON for contempt of court without a trial by jury for advocating the destruction of a contract to work for one cent a day for life? Presumably they could be. A contract is a contract, say the judges; men who seek jobs are free agents, say the judges. A few years ago the anti-picketing injunction was the favorite weapon of employers; the restraining order granted by the judge in time of strike was based on the danger of physical violence. Today it seems unnecessary to prove physical violence to get an injunction. In 1924 the United States Supreme Court ruled that even labor leaders should have a trial by jury when accused of violating a federal injunction if they were also alleged to have committed a crime. But, as *The Nation* pointed out at that time, federal judges were still left free to send men to prison under their most despotic injunctions for acts which were *not* crimes under the law. So the injunction against breaking a labor contract is becoming even more popular with employers than the anti-picketing injunction. Non-union employees can be bound in perpetuity by contract not to strike; if they strike, a federal judge may be found to send their leaders to jail for contempt of court. An air-tight barrier against strikes—only a federal law against such use of injunctions can preserve the workers' right to strike.

STRIKES ARE AS VARIOUS as pickles. Not all are by employees against employers—sometimes bosses walk out on other bosses. In Brooklyn recently customers of small neighborhood tailoring shops, rushing around to have a crease put in their Sunday trousers, found the door shut and the following notice staring them in the eyes:

CLOSED

ON ACCOUNT OF STRIKE AGAINST THE WHOLESALE CLEANERS WHO HAVE FORMED A TRUST TO DRIVE THE RETAIL STOREKEEPER OUT OF BUSINESS BY RAISING THE PRICE AND COMPELLING US TO ACCEPT WORK IN ANY CONDITION.

Also That The Factory Refuses To Be Responsible For Shrinking, Buckles and Belts On Your Clothes.

THIS FIGHT IS FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE PUBLIC

The Retail Cleaners & Tailors Union
Local 17798, American Federation of Labor

These shops are small places subsisting mostly on repair work, pressing, and dry cleaning, which latter they send out to large establishments. The boss is usually the hardest worker in the shop but he commonly has a helper or so. We know nothing of the merits of this case of Tailor vs. Tailor, but we are often annoyed ourselves at the exactions of big business and heartily sympathize with the grievance in regard to "shrinking, buckles, and belts."

LIBERTY, the Chicago *Tribune's* weekly imitation of the *Saturday Evening Post*, has discovered a solution to the French debt problem. It is all quite simple—like the Mexican problem. *Liberty's* solution of the Mexican problem would be to wipe out the Mexican boundary without consent of Mexico; *Liberty's* solution of the French debt problem would be the sale of the French West Indies to us for part of the debt. It ignores the fact that we do not want the islands, France does not want to sell them, and the natives do not want to be sold. The third point is the most important and it is also the one most likely to be ignored. Why should colored citizens of a self-respecting community submit to the patronage and policing of Jim Crow officers from Virginia? And who, after the experience of Haiti, could want American bankers and marines? Incidentally our experience in buying second-hand islands would seem to indicate that the upkeep exceeds the initial cost plus the gross profits by several hundred per cent.

WILLIAMSTOWN'S INSTITUTE OF POLITICS continues to discuss international affairs in the cultivated atmosphere of an academic tea. Now and then outsiders who do not understand the rules of the game introduce a little realistic bitterness—as when a Bulgar and a Serb discuss Macedonia at the same round table. But it was typical of Williamstown that even in this battle the combatants violently accused each other of "discourtesy." Something in the peaceful foliage of the Williamstown elms seems to give the discussions a pale cast of unreality. Perhaps, too, there is something in the choice of speakers. We should like to see more of the passion and drama of world politics presented to these round tables—we should like them to listen to a Hindu pouring out the bitterness of his hatred of British empire, a Manuel Ugarte from Latin America proclaiming the menace of Yankeeism, a Russian preaching the advent of communism, a Chinese who has never suffered intellectual naturalization in the West. There is nothing to equal the institute as a sounding-board for tempered discussion of international politics, but a certain caution in its leadership shelters it from the world as it is.

ONE HUNDRED NEGRO TENNIS PLAYERS fought for the Rhetta cup at St. Louis in the tenth annual Negro tennis tournament of the United States. Why should these tennis players be segregated in a race tournament? Is national tennis a white man's burden? Why should not the best of the Negro players be entered in the national tournaments at Forest Hills? Many Northern colleges make a contribution to racial understanding by welcoming Negro players in football, baseball, and track; last year the University of Chicago had a Negro tennis player on its team. But in professional baseball, non-collegiate tennis, and in most other sports Negroes are barred from competition with whites. The major leagues never admit even the most brilliant colored baseball player; the National Lawn Tennis Association is made up exclusively of white members. Even in pugilism Dempsey has been able to use the color line to evade meeting his most powerful rival, who happens to be a Negro. The colored athletes have only one alternative, to develop sporting events of their own. There are already Negro baseball circuits throughout the country; near Westfield, New Jersey, the Negroes of New York have their own country club and golf course, and a new club is opening near Boston.

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The Tropics as Factories

THE conquest of the tropics means the extension of the factory system to them. Europeans and North Americans, having reared a civilization on a basis of factories and slums (but not having half solved the problems raised by either), are pushing this method into the plains and jungles of the torrid zone. The character of the factory differs but the system remains the same. In the temperate zone a factory is usually inclosed by walls and a roof and is devoted to the production of a fabricated article; in the tropics it is given to the raising of a natural product and often is not even surrounded by a fence. But in each case there is a large investment of capital, corporate management, the displacement of handiwork by machinery wherever it is possible; there is a curtailment of opportunity and independence for a majority of the workers; there is the standardized life of the automaton—company houses, company stores, company schools, company theaters, sometimes even company brothels.

The extension of the factory system to the tropics is the result of the difference between the agriculture of the temperate and the torrid zones. The diversified farming of the United States has grown through individual effort and ownership. We are still essentially a country of small farms and farmers. Some look to factory methods as the solution of our present agricultural distress, but so far it is mostly talk. Meanwhile factory methods are already an actuality in the tropics. The crops of those regions seem to call for larger-scale production while the preliminary attack upon the land calls for the expenditure of large capital and the application of the best modern technology and science. Parched and desolate plains have been irrigated and made green with rustling sugar-cane; dark, tangled, steaming jungles have been turned into waving banana groves.

There is something magnificent about this present-day assault upon the tropics. As recently as a quarter of a century ago many eminent authorities believed that the white man must stick to the temperate zone. Benjamin Kidd declared that the tropics were not for the Caucasian. Yet we are there. The building of the Panama Canal was a great object lesson. Since then no tropical climate or disease has been viewed as beyond the conquest of modern medicine or sanitation; no miasmatic swamp or insect-ridden forest has been regarded as impossible of subdual by twentieth-century capital and engineering working hand in hand.

During the twentieth century the United States has assumed a foremost place in the economic subjugation of the tropics. Tobacco we have long bought there, and in recent years American companies have acquired vast plantations and large control in the Caribbean and the Philippines. The ever increasing demand for sugar has brought still more important changes. Hawaii and Cuba have been planted acre upon acre with cane; they ooze syrup down to the very seashore. The arid south coast of Porto Rico has been redeemed with giant irrigation works and made sweet with sugar, while the rich, moist acres of Santo Domingo are today giving way before the plow to rise in fields of luxuriant cane. Then there is the banana. The West India islands can no longer supply the demand, and the United Fruit Company owns enormous tracts of land, railways, docks, and—almost—governments along the low, steaming east coast of Central America. Most recently of all has come the stupendous call for rubber. Harvey Firestone has already begun the exploitation of Liberia, and an insistent campaign is rising for large-scale production in the Philippines. Carmi Thompson, who theoretically is in the islands to report on conditions to President Coolidge, is practically using his visit—or allowing it to be used—in the interest of a raucous propaganda for the exploitation of the Philippines rubberwise by American interests, even if native wishes and all our promises have to go by the board.

There is something terrible as well as magnificent in the entrance of the new *conquistadores* of the tropics. Our attack upon humanity has been as ruthless and invincible as that upon nature. Native life in the tropics has commonly been poor and squalid but it has been warmly human. We have brought it medicine and sanitation for our own self-preservation and for economic reasons, but we have also brought it standardized ugliness and peonage. We have turned men and women from a fairly free and easy existence through desultory agriculture into wage slaves with sophisticated ambitions and vices. We have brought the drabness and soddenness of the mill town or the coal mine among the palm fronds of the Caribbean and the Pacific. In Hawaii we have even dispossessed the native Kanakas and imported the more industrious and economically profitable Japanese.

Probably the most serious of all the consequences of the introduction of the factory system to the tropics is the elimination of the small landowner and producer—the swallowing of his holdings by large plantations and his own downfall into a wage-worker and a renter. In Porto Rico individual farms decreased in number by about one third from 1910 to 1920; those of fewer than ten acres fell by one-half. The republic of Haiti, as a measure of self-protection, had a law against the alien ownership of land; the American Occupation, in the interest of industrial exploitation, repealed the measure.

The profit-making industrial system of the United States, in its newest and largest-scale manifestations, is going head-on into the tropics. Thus far there is no stopping it, and just in those places where there is most need of limitation and control by government such authority is usually weakest and most corrupt. But there is hope that as the newer, more democratic forms of industrialism make way in the United States they will penetrate also to our tropical frontiers. As the cooperative movement, unionization, and employee control grow, they will make themselves felt. Also the increasing interest in city planning, garden villages, and public parks may lead to some effort toward beauty as well as efficiency in our tropical factories. Most hope of all, perhaps, is to be placed in the rise of intelligent proletarianism in Mexico and China—far-reaching examples—and the tendency toward self-protective nationalism in the Caribbean and the Pacific. For if beauty, individuality, and humanity are to survive in the tropics, they can do so only through an insistent desire for them on the part of the native inhabitants.

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Must Colleges Be Treadmills?

WHY is it that so many college professors at forty are sick of their jobs? There are hundreds in that pathetic state. They are not the failures or the freaks. As professional ability goes most of them are able; they have at least been through the mill and know how to do their work. What tries and discourages them is the work itself, the conditions under which they live what is lightly called an intellectual life, and the gloomy outlook ahead. They have spent half their lives and most of their earnings to equip themselves for what they imagined was a career, only to find, when the coveted professorship has been attained, that the game seems curiously out of proportion to the candle.

Dr. J. F. Kirkpatrick, whose recent book entitled "The American College and its Rulers" contains some plain speaking, finds the explanation of the unhappy situation in the fact that the average American college is neither free nor frank, and in addition is bossed. The professor teaches and studies, but he does not control. The student is offered a bewildering variety of information, much of it useful as a species of intellectual small change, but he is rarely taught or even encouraged to think. The typical college has developed the non-resident board of trustees, few of whose members know anything or learn anything about education, and legal trusteeship has produced the all-powerful president. In the face of this embattled authority, intrenched in precedent and backed by certain legal sanctions, the faculty has become a body of hired men engaged in tasks about which it may indeed be consulted, but over which it has, in the last resort, no real control whatever. What the students think about it is commonly a matter of indifference; they are in college to take—or leave—what is offered, and in the worship of the sacred curriculum to find salvation for their souls.

The result is exactly what should be expected. There is a mass of academic business, but little genuine academic freedom. Someone has remarked that academic freedom does not mean freedom to be a damned fool, but the line which separates what today is called foolishness from what tomorrow may be adjudged good sense is perilously hard to draw, and the all-powerful president and his businesslike trustees usually deem it better to play safe. A so-called consensus of the competent, which being interpreted means a consensus of those in power, shadows the college like a hoodoo, perpetuating outgrown methods because innovations are feared, applauding cheap personal popularity over scholarship because it draws students and funds, and stunting research because research does not pay. Is it a wonder that such a college so often ceases to offer an inviting career? A certain security of tenure, with a pension when one is about to die, it does afford to those who discreetly hold their tongues and watch their steps, but with faculty influence checked at every point by presidents and boards we get only a treadmill culture labeled preparation for life.

Mr. Kirkpatrick agrees with those who think that the authority of rulers has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished, but when he comes to reform he falls under the spell of the hopeful tone. College control, he adjures us, ought to be more democratic, and he even suggests that the spirit of youth in college halls may be enlisted by allowing student representatives to sit in faculty meetings. Theoretically, it would seem, the faculty should be the college, leaving to the trustees the fiduciary function of caring for the funds and keeping the property fit; and student opinion is entitled to respect. There are two weighty reasons, however, why no such changes are likely soon to come about in any American college now in being. The first is that the privately endowed college is legally a trust, and the average board of trustees may be expected to hesitate a long time before it turns over the expenditure of funds and the management of property to a faculty which, as such, has no legal existence and hence no legal responsibility. The second is that faculties have been so long in servitude that they are hardly in the least agreed about what should be taught or how teaching should be done. A body of scholars who do not know their own minds is a dangerous aggregation to turn loose with money to spend.

Nevertheless, the salvation of the college seems to lie in the directions which Dr. Kirkpatrick suggests. We need to get rid of the curriculum obsession, and convert the college into a democratic community in which teachers and students work together at things intellectually worth while. Some day, perhaps, a wise man of exceptional solvency, despairing of making over any existing institution, will provide an endowment, assemble the nucleus of a competent faculty by the grace of God, turn the whole thing over to professors and students, and then go abroad. The experiment would cost much less than setting up a new chemical plant in preparation for the next war, and the few explosions that might occur as a result of academic carelessness or inexperience would be sure to do less lasting harm.

The Size of the Sky

HARLOW SHAPLEY, the brilliant young astronomer who at forty is director of the Harvard Observatory and has been director for five years, has written one of the most satisfactory essays in popular science we have seen for a long while. It is called "Starlight," and it appears as the second member of a series of short books which takes its name from James Harvey Robinson's "The Humanizing of Knowledge" (Doran).

Mr. Shapley's task was not to write about man, or even about "his" world. It was to describe the universe of inorganic matter which only of late generations science has begun to measure with appropriate and adequate instruments. Here is a theme which often has been used to mystify and shock the average man. We have heard a great deal, and too frequently in grandiose terms, about the vastness of the heavens. We are used to being told how small man is in comparison with those systems of suns which burn so far away that only their light ever reaches us, and then after thousands of years of dizzy travel through space. Mr. Shapley, going very directly about his business of exposition, gives us thick and fast the best theories and the known facts. Beyond that no rhetoric, no celestial fireworks. And the result is something more impressive to the imagination than the celestial rhetoricians have ever given us.

With eager energy, and with a supply of that learning without which popular science is worse than useless, Mr. Shapley adventures with us among the millions of stars and

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groups of stars which he and his coworkers over the earth are busy these days examining. He bothers very little with the figures—light years, parsecs, and kiloparsecs—customarily invoked to stun us. Most of them leave us cold because we cannot take them in. His is a better method of showing the size of the sky. It is the method of implication. He tells us what is going on in space, or at least what the most modern of astronomers have reason to believe is going on; and from the picture of this activity emerges another picture which we ourselves create—a picture all the more appalling because no mere pen has drawn it.

It is a furiously whirling and changing universe to which we are conducted. The stars are in their places, but they are doing mysterious things there, and these places are paths or orbits of inconceivable magnitude. Pairs of stars are revolving about each other and periodically eclipsing each other. New ones are flaming up; old ones are fading out. Millions of dwarf stars are already cold and hence invisible; no one knows how many dead, black giants are obscuring live worlds behind them. Regular gradations of color indicate a regular evolution in temperature. Stars begin large and red, as Antares, with a diameter of 400,000,000 miles, is now; they shrink to yellow and grow hotter; they burn for a while pure blue; they grow yellow again, dull down to red, and at last go out. Our sun, which is one of the dwarfs, is in its decline. The great galaxy, however, of which it is a remote and minute part will continue for billions of years to show its white ring around the sky to any beings who may be here or elsewhere to see it and call it perhaps something else than the Milky Way. It will continue to draw into itself the great star clusters and distribute them—though Mr. Shapley does not know whether it will ever affect the faint star cloud called N. G. C. 6822, which is about 4,500,000,000,000,000,000 miles distant from us. He does after all indulge in a few figures. He remarks that the probable diameter of our galaxy is 1,800,000,000,000,000,000 miles.

And he does after all indulge in a little pardonable reflection upon the place of man in this universe. Mr. Bryan would have been bewildered to hear the evolution he mustered all his waning powers to fight dismissed as an incident:

> Evolution is not limited chiefly to the relation of man to his anthropoid forebears. That phase is one of the minor steps in the development that pervades the whole universe. In truth, we cannot restrain the feeling that the whole of organic development . . . is trivial and transient from the standpoint of the development of the material cosmos.

Mr. Bryan would never have appreciated the restraint with which Mr. Shapley's conclusion upon the significance of man is worded:

> The future history of the stellar system appears, indeed, thoroughly independent of our temporary terrestrial career. Man's station in this scheme is not too flattering—an animal among many, precariously situated on the crust of a planetary fragment that obeys the gravitational impulses of one of the millions of dwarf stars that wander in remote parts of a galactic system. His place in the universe . . . is unimpressive; and his importance in some nonmaterial way is a subject not suited to scientific research or speculation. We leave the subject here, noting that man's role as an investigator and would-be interpreter of the universe is surpassingly fascinating, whether or not it is cosmically significant.

The Buncombe of Bigness

THERE has bobbed up again in the newspapers a project which has been broached at intervals for a number of years—that of enlarging New York City by creating some nine square miles of new land at the foot of Manhattan Island, filling in the upper bay from the Battery to Staten Island, and leaving only narrow channels along the Brooklyn and New Jersey shores for the passage of vessels. Probably nothing will ever come of the idea—unless influential and insistent real-estate interests buy the ocean and whoop the project up. The lack of such barkers in this instance is more certainly deterring than the engineering and financial obstacles or the difficulty of obtaining the necessary sanction of the States of New York and New Jersey and the federal Government.

In this discussion there is a typical American assumption that it would be desirable to enlarge downtown New York if possible. A consulting engineer, in advocating the scheme, argues that people and industries are being crowded out of Manhattan; the new land, he says, would greatly increase real-estate "values" in Brooklyn and Staten Island; and by the expenditure of $400,000,000 at least $5,000,000,000 would be "created." We wish we believed that people and industries were being crowded out of Manhattan, but census-takers seem to find that new inhabitants are rushing in faster than old ones are going out. Why do people cling to the pathetic notion that a big city is better than a small one and a bigger city is superior to a big one? It is doubtless a legacy of the boom psychology of American development that this view is more pronounced in the United States than anywhere else in the world. It would be heresy to suggest in any chamber-of-commerce meeting in any city in the United States that a condition of equilibrium or even restriction might be better than continual growth.

Is there more "prosperity" for the majority in a great city than in a small or medium-sized one? Growth means chances for new business, but it also means more persons seeking to exploit them. India has a vast population; are its people happier than Siam's? Is the average German better off than the average Dane, an Iowan poorer than a New Yorker? For a few persons there are better chances of great wealth in a large than in a small community, but for many there is a certainty of more acute poverty. From every other than a business standpoint most of our cities have surely grown—are growing—too fast. Overgrowth is behind our most serious problems in connection with transit, housing, almost everything. In New York City, especially, with its intolerable street congestion and inadequate transportation, it would be madness to increase the strain right at its central point. What New Yorkers with vision and intelligence should work for is not the massing of more millions of people on Manhattan Island but a scattering—and perhaps a segregation—of industry and population in outlying districts.

And the problem is not much different in other cities. Real-estate speculation is about the only business that thrives through mere bigness. "Bigger and better" is a slogan that has gone too long unchallenged. It is commonly a contradiction and an impossibility. The real issue is bigger *or* better.

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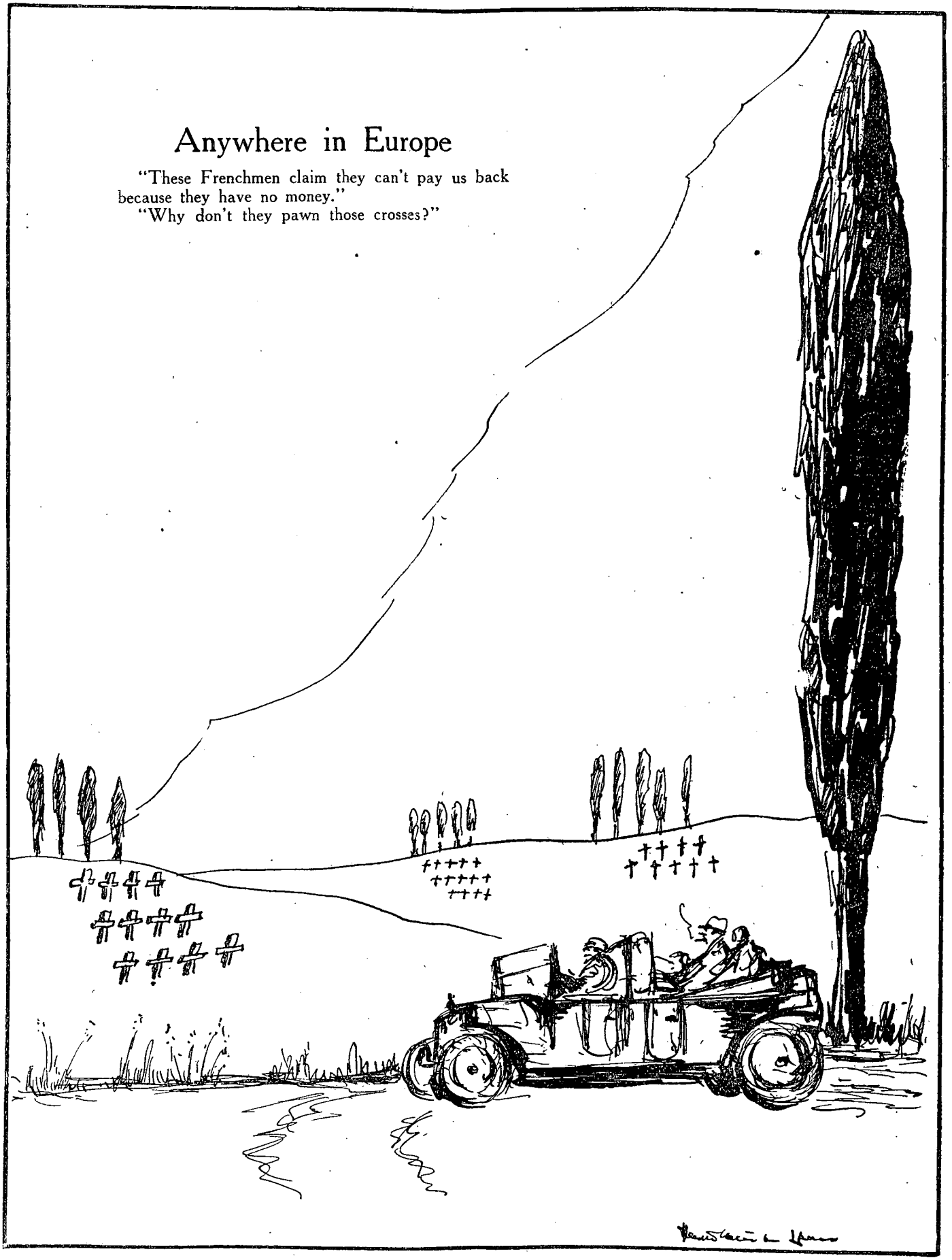
Anywhere in Europe
"These Frenchmen claim they can't pay us back because they have no money."
"Why don't they pawn those crosses?"

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How America Fools Herself

By LOUIS FISCHER

Berlin, July 22

ADD $63,000,000 which England receives in 1926-1927 in reparation payments to $10,000,000 collected from Italy under the Volpi-Churchill agreement to $20,000,000 more from France under the Caillaux-Churchill agreement, and deduct the total from the $160,000,000 which Great Britain annually pays into the United States Treasury. The result is $67,000,000 which Englishmen must actually take from their pockets to meet the obligations Baldwin accepted in Washington. The mighty British lion groans under this burden, and London experts tell you that it furnishes one of the explanations of Great Britain's economic straits.

It will require the application of tons of pressure before the Chamber of Deputies approves the French debt-funding treaty with the United States; a Paris daily calls the Bérenger pact "onéreux, dangereux, immoral" because it involves $30,000,000 in 1926-1927. This sum plus the $20,000,000 paid to England makes $50,000,000, as against $150,000,000 which France will obtain during that year in reparation payments.

In other words, Britain sighs when she pays $67,000,000, France complains though debt payments yield her a surplus of $100,000,000, but the Dawes Plan taps Germany to the tune of $285,000,000 in 1926-1927 and more than double that figure each year after 1928. This is Germany's penalty not for starting the war but for losing it.

Assuming the ratification of the Bérenger-Mellon accord, the Allies will, in 1927-1928, be paying the United States about $230,000,000. And in the same year Germany will pay the Allies about $417,000,000. In reality, then, Germany is funding the Allied debts to America.

Germany pays. After notes, conferences, bayonets, and Ruhr invasions failed to collect marks, the Dawes scheme is accomplishing that worthy purpose with a thoroughness which is as cruel as it is futile.

The account is a simple one. Unless it wreck its currency and unbalance its budget, a nation can in the long run transfer money abroad only on the basis of a foreign trade surplus. Now, the recent report of Mr. S. Parker Gilbert, Agent General for Reparation Payments, covering the nine months from September 1, 1925, to May 31, 1926, shows that during that period Germany had an active trade balance of 17,800,000 marks. But in the same nine months Gilbert transferred abroad some 600,000,000 marks, which leaves a deficit of approximately 582,200,000 marks. Germany's "invisible exports" are greater than her "invisible imports," so that this deficit is even more serious, but it is bad enough at 582 millions. How did Germany make up the loss? By borrowing 850,000,000 marks in foreign countries, most of it in the United States. America is thus financing reparation payments, while Germany piles up a huge debt on which interest at 8 per cent is charged her. The money borrowed in Wall Street goes to London, Paris, Rome, etc., in the form of Dawes annuities, is there heavily discounted, and then wanders back to Wall Street and Washington earmarked "Allied Debt Payments." The sooner Americans realize that this silly circle is self-deception the sooner they will be prepared to listen to common sense on the question of cancelation.

These loans gradually enslave an increasingly large part of German industry to American capital and burden the country with a debt the interest on which alone is stupendous. Moreover, they are demoralizing the entire German economy. During the last thirty months the United States lent Germany close to $500,000,000, says Secretary Mellon. Much of this gigantic total is now changing hands on the bourse. The stock market blossoms, and credit is cheap and easy to find because the crisis of the last eight months does not diminish. Factories are idle, production fails, and industry cannot absorb much money. So the money is used for bourse speculation which is often misread as prosperity. Nor is the increase in savings-bank accounts a trustworthy index of conditions. The Minister of Finance hints, and a brilliant expert in the Ministry of Finance tells me plainly, that a large, if not the larger, part of these deposits represents sums borrowed in America by states and municipalities for power stations, gas works, etc., and placed by these on savings account until the funds will be required for operations.

The presence of much foreign gold in Germany thus prevents the reparation situation from growing critical and creates an impression of smooth progress which is illusory. But when Churchill's statement in the House of Commons immediately after the signing of the Franco-British debt settlement explicitly envisages a reduction of reparation payments it is clear that such a consummation might not be objectionable even to the two countries involved. Indeed, there is reason to suspect that England is pressing for a revision of the Dawes Plan, since it would inevitably lead to a reexamination of the entire debt problem. Preliminary pourparlers have perhaps commenced already. One may never know just why, about a fortnight ago, Governor Norman of the Bank of England, Governor Strong of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, and Mr. Gilbert suddenly decided, quite independently of course, that the climate of Antibes on the French Riviera was urgently necessary for their health, and by accident reserved rooms in the same hotel. In this connection the European trip of Secretary Mellon and J. P. Morgan naturally becomes the center of varied rumors and combinations.

The foreign Dawes instalment collectors in Mr. Gilbert's office are optimistic, or at least they say they are, and serve to their visitors large portions of hopefulness based presumably on the conviction that within five or ten years and with the aid of foreign loans Germany will be sufficiently restored to meet from her own means the obligations imposed on her by the Dawes experts. The German Ministry of Finance, however, paints a dark picture. The prevailing opinion is that Germany will not be in a position to pay the two billion marks which will be required of her in 1927-1928. Next January the question will be answered definitely. All depends on the unemployment curve. Germany today counts 1,742,000 who receive a dole plus about 200,000 who obtain aid under the poor

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law, and then there are 700,000-odd on part time despite the fact that many hands find work during the summer on the fields and in construction enterprises. If the number of the jobless rises next winter, or even if it remains stationary—and this will be clear by January—Germany will be unable to pay the full amount of reparations. At best she will raise one billion marks, and for the rest her creditors would have to declare a partial moratorium or give the Government a loan or revise the plan. Now, in a debt-enveloped world moratoria are dangerous precedents, while the country is already bent too low under the tasks of raising interest and amortization on previous loans to make a new billion-mark loan a profitable or rational undertaking. Remains the modification of the Dawes Plan.

The Dawes Plan is predicated on the rehabilitation of the German economy. The speed of this rehabilitation, however, has not kept pace with the steep rise in the annuities schedule. This is a German as well as a world problem, and the difficulties are:

1. Unemployment is here to stay as it is in England, and unemployment is merely the most evident reflection of a sub-normal industry;

2. Germany has already paid more than she could afford and she has reduced the standard of living of the masses below a decent limit to do so. Wages and the economic level of the workers are so low, and the amount of work required of them so high, that to tighten the vise in order to raise more funds for reparations would be, as J. M. Keynes has said, to court serious political disturbances.

3. Germany's industrial revival depends, in the final analysis, on the extension of her foreign trade. But such development is hampered by protective tariff walls and impoverished markets everywhere. Industry could probably absorb some of the free money and labor in the country if it could find buyers abroad. Increased domestic consumption would also make matters better. But neither of these conditions exists.

The benefits of the Dawes scheme must not be denied. It took the reparations problem out of the hands of generals and put it where general staffs and French politicians could not touch it. With the efficient Gilbert at the helm, default on the part of Germany can only be due to her incapacity to pay rather than to lack of good-will. The Dawes Plan confirmed the currency stabilization, paved the way to a balanced budget, and made possible the influx of huge sums of money in the form of foreign loans. In a word, it provided a breathing space. It is largely for this reason that so many Germans are reconciled to outside control of their customs, finances, railroads, and, in part, of their industries. It is largely for this reason, and because tribulations have dulled their pride, that Germans swallow insults such as the classification by Sir Andrew McFadyean, Commissioner of Controlled Revenues, of coffee, teas, cocoa, and tobacco as "luxury articles." This is the tone which Sir Andrew's countrymen assume in Egypt and India, yet the Germans do not protest. To this moral disadvantage must be added far greater economic disadvantages. Despite the foreign loans which they have received, the federal and state governments increased their taxes in order to meet their share of the Dawes annuities; despite foreign loans to trusts and corporations, wages have not risen nor has production. The cost of living is 140 per cent of pre-war. The pawned railroad system charges higher freight and passenger rates, thus damaging business, but cannot undertake new construction operations because it must furnish almost half of the annuity; finally, the excise duty on wine, tobacco, and beer which is determined from Mr. Gilbert's office has mounted upwards. Mr. Gilbert reports that exports have gone up and imports down, and since this development coincided with a diminution of domestic production the net result points to reduced consumption and a lowering of the standard of living of the masses. All these evils are of course not caused by the Dawes Plan alone, yet without it (and without reparations therefore) the state of affairs would be much more hopeful.

Foreign loans swell Germany's active trade balance and enable Mr. Gilbert to send reparations money to the Allies. They solve the problem of transfers, assuming indefinite borrowing, but they do not solve the problem of the collection of reparations within the country. Sums from abroad flow into savings and other banks or circulate on the bourse or supply doles for the unemployed (this year as much is being paid in doles as in reparations) or are used for the improvement of public utilities and the rationalization of industries. Ultimately these productive uses should redound to the benefit of the average citizen, but as yet he has had no appreciable gain. In fact, industrial rationalization, which is occasionally synonymous with the sweating of labor, is responsible for about 30 per cent of the present army of unemployed. Meanwhile, nevertheless, this average citizen must foot the reparations bills. And year after year it will grow worse. That Germany must default in 1928-1929 when the annuity rises to two and a half billions all Germans are agreed. But many foresee the crash as early as 1927-1928, which means next spring.

Conditions in France also play their role. Today France is producing much and "dumping" everywhere. On the other hand, the "flight of the franc" has brought rather large sums of French money into Germany. The time must come when, with the help of a miracle or of a veiled Dawes Plan, France will cease slaughtering ministries and succeed in stabilizing her currency. It may take three months or six months, but some day the franc must stop dropping. There will follow the unavoidable critical readjustment period characterized by reduced production and increased unemployment. France will not need 1,500,000 tons of German reparations coal as she does today, nor will she permit Germans to carry out construction contracts at home or in the colonies while Frenchmen are idle. She will therefore demand cash from Mr. Gilbert rather than deliveries in kind and contracts. German mines will have to close down and German firms will lose valuable orders. The cash, moreover, will have to be borrowed in America and the interest will be an additional charge to be met by the nation.

When Messrs. Morgan, Mellon, Norman, Gilbert, and Strong meet in Paris, therefore, they cannot treat French conditions as an isolated problem. Nor can they deal separately with the question of reparations or of inter-Allied debts. The franc, debt funding, and reparations are part of a single complex the solution of which this Big Five must supply. Their meeting is proof that under its present system Europe cannot lift herself out of the morass without American assistance. America has been lending Germany the money to pay the reparations, with which England—and France, if she pays at all—pay their debts to America. What right solution will the great men devise next?

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Britain's Midsummer Mood

By J. RAMSAY MacDONALD

London, August 2

THE result of the Wallsend by-election on July 29 was so staggering that our papers reported it with difficulty and in the intervening three days have been doing their best to induce us to forget it. Nobody in the end expected the Labor Party to lose Wallsend, though at the beginning not a few people were rash enough to entertain the hope that that might happen. Our candiate was a woman, and the Tyneside was expected to shy at that; she was a member of the General Council of the Trade Union Congress and shared responsibility for calling off the general strike, so there was a chance of the miners (who compose about a fourth of the electorate) and the left tendencies in the Labor movement being cool, if not hostile, to her candidature; moreover, she had not hidden that she was no admirer of Mr. Cook's leadership and did not accept the slogans upon which he was conducting the mining fight. The Labor movement has frequently sacrificed a big victory under the irritation of a smaller immediate grievance, so there were possibilities of trouble when Miss Bondfield was selected as candidate.

In the coalition "khaki" election of 1918 the Government candidate won the seat by 10,246 votes against 6,835 given to Labor and 3,047 to what was then called a Free Liberal. In 1922 Labor won the seat on a straight vote against a Tory by 16,126 votes to 12,950. At the "red letter" election two years later we kept the seat, again with no Liberal intervening between us and the Tory, by 17,274 to 15,672. At this by-election, a Liberal returned to the lists. As he came from a mining family it was expected that he would cut into the Labor vote and reduce our chances, if not of victory, certainly of a striking one. The result declared was: Miss Bondfield (Labor) 18,866, Mr. Howard (Tory) 9,839, Mr. Curry (Liberal) 4,000. When the figures came over the wires on Thursday afternoon they were hard to believe. A 9,000 majority over the Tory and a 5,000 majority over both the other candidates combined was not only a victory, it was a smash-up. Once again the Liberal candidate had failed to poll one-eighth of the votes and had forfeited his deposit.

What is the meaning of this? Wallsend is a typical working-class constituency with a middle-class piece attached to it, a suburb of Newcastle where perhaps 75 per cent of the electors are socially Tories. The bulk of the electors are ship-builders, boilermakers, engineers, miners, and the miscellany of general workers that congregate around these trades. The political traditions of the district were Liberal, tending if anything toward Toryism before the war, and it is doubtful if any Labor candidate except Sir Patrick Hastings, the eminent King's Counsel, would have won it in 1922, or kept it in 1924. It has been badly hit by unemployment. There are scores of such constituencies in the country, some held by us and some lost in 1924 owing to the dishonest use made by the Tories of the "Zinoviev letter." Wallsend, following upon our almost equally astonishing gain at Hammersmith last Whitsuntide, shows that we could get practically the whole of them. The Government has forfeited the confidence of both employers and work-people for its feeble handling of our industrial difficulties and its failure to put energy and businesslike management into its custody of our national interests. If an election were to come now, the only chance the Government would have of keeping in office would be the social influence of Toryism on wealth and the sections that imitate and follow wealth, together with the support of the more backward rural areas. Its vote would be far short of a half of the electors and its Parliamentary majority, vastly reduced from what it now is—even if it existed at all—would depend solely upon the fact that by the arrangement of our constituencies a minority vote in the country can secure a majority vote in Parliament. With the reduction of the Liberal vote that will not be permanent, however. If it were, alterations, fortunately not necessarily proportional representation, would have to be made to obviate it.

The interesting revelation of both the Hammersmith and the Wallsend elections, however, is the light they throw upon the results of the general strike. Immediately it was ended the telegraphs and the cables quivered all over the world with the most absurd accounts of how the Government and the Prime Minister had the country at their feet. In so far as the news was not conscious humbug it was an excited misreading of the situation, and this was shared by some of the Left-Wing sections, as a recent article in *The Nation* by Mr. Ewer amply shows. Tory partisans who during the general strike had returned to war mentality and propaganda, and communistically inclined observers who thought they saw a glow of fire in the sky, never understood the strike and went off like automatic rattles when it was ended. It is now about three months since the general strike terminated and the forecast of its effect which I made in *The Nation* at the time happened to be right.

The general strike united the working class and those whose emotional impulses were attached to it as they were never united before, and at the same time threw this massed union into politics. While lawyers and the Government were fussing about the strike being a challenge to the Government, the community, and the constitution, the people themselves were showing good, sound common sense. Whether they agreed with the strike or not, they knew what its purpose was, they understood the impulse that made it inevitable, and they praised the moral heave that made it in its spontaneity, its proportion, and its spirit such a singularly enlightening occurrence. The strike raised the respect in which the Labor movement was held, and thousands pay homage to it today who were hostile or indifferent six months ago. In other words the general strike has strengthened the influence of constitutional forces in Great Britain, has convinced many that industrial conditions are bad and ought to be remedied, has intensified the sympathy for Labor, and has laid emphasis upon the view that the political method of change is that which gives greatest guaranties of permanence and the best assurances of a minimum of social inconvenience and suffering. Hence in the municipal elections which have taken place within

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the last two months Labor candidates have won seats where hitherto they had failed, and in the two Parliamentary elections that have been held our vote is in the aggregate 3,717 more than it was at the general election, and the Tory vote has fallen by 9,278. If we take the Liberal vote as being opposed to the Government, the anti-government vote has increased by no less a figure than 9,691. In estimating the significance of the increase in our polls at these two by-elections it must be remembered that though we lost so many seats in 1924, our polls were higher than they had ever been, so that the increases are on a very high vote and not on a low one.

Every political sign of the times here points to the thorough discrediting of the Government. Not only has it come badly through this industrial turmoil, not only have the pious declarations of some of its leaders about goodwill in industry (a virtue so sadly needed) become irritants to men who expect fruit from professions, but the general handling of national interests both at home and abroad is causing concern and apprehension. Mr. Churchill's statements regarding our indebtedness to the United States is a case in point. There is a very widespread feeling here that the United States is not behaving well regarding the settlement of debts, and that if it would show more genial friendship when it considers the burdens we have to bear as a result of the war the condition we find ourselves in would be eased not from charity, which never crosses our minds, but from comradeship, which might be expected as a result of our common effort during the war. Nevertheless, there is no suggestion made here by any responsible section that we should press for a reconsideration of the Baldwin agreement. That we leave to the United States itself. There is, however, general disappointment with the figure that our Government has cut in the recent exchange of shots between Mr. Churchill and Mr. Mellon, and the clumsy way in which that controversy has been handled is regarded as typical of how our Government is transacting delicate national business. The part we have played and are still playing at Geneva is also raising a feeling of distrust and disquiet. In all quarters and in all parties one sees heads shaken in doubt and hears whispers passed round that the Government has failed and that some change is necessary. The Independent Labor Party has just issued a manifesto calling for a General Election. That is, perhaps, nothing more than a propagandist document. Discontent will have to go far before the country demands that it be allowed to take matters again into its own hands. For the moment, however, confidence is diminishing and the demand for a change is growing. Unless something happens speedily there will be a political landslide in this country.

The New England Farm Comes Back

By NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

THE American farmer of popular history, of romance, of poetry, of melodrama, of the cartoon even, is the New England farmer. The revolutionists were in large part farmers from this region. It was at Concord, in Massachusetts, that the embattled farmers "fired the shot heard round the world." The rural snow-storms recounted by Emerson and Whittier obviously occurred in New England. It was New England farmers who used to say "By heck," and the gaunt, bearded figure that still typifies the tiller of the soil in many a cartoon belongs to the Eastern seaboard and has little in common with the agriculturist of regions farther West. Hence New England farming is invested with a sentiment that does not cling to the prairies or the Great Plains, and there are few Americans but have read with sorrow of the abandoned farms of New England. For years it has been usual to ask the question, What can be done to make the farming of New England prosperous again?

The answer is that the New England farm is beginning to come back. Its history has throughout been economically determined. The casual observer commonly thinks only of the loss of soil fertility. This, however, is but a small part of the story. It is true that farming in New England long followed the natural-husbandry system, in which nature is depended on to furnish the necessary recuperation for the soil. But much of the soil was never good. It was thin and rocky. The valley farms afforded a living but the hill farms probably never paid a labor income equal in purchasing power to ordinary factory wages today, though they afforded social conditions in many respects superior to those under which wage-earners commonly live. In numerous cases, whether on hill or valley farms, farmers also had trades, such as shoe-making, watch-making, and cabinet-making. They were not wholly dependent on agriculture for a living.

The industrial revolution and the consequent specialization in industry brought many of the better artificers from the country into the growing cities. Canals and railroads made transportation easy and cheap, and led to the production of crops in those regions where they were most profitable. When the more productive lands to the West were made accessible they competed disastrously with New England farms. Finally, the invention of farm machinery, adapted best to great level stretches, gave Western farms a further advantage. Some farmers moved to the cities, some moved westward. Abandoned farms were the result.

Much greater than the proportion of farm abandonment in New England was the reduction in the acreage devoted to crops. This acreage diminished 22 per cent from 1880 to 1920. Some land formerly devoted to crops was, under the pressure of Western competition, allowed to revert to woodland and pasture, but the fact that the smallest decrease, 2.4 per cent, occurred in Maine, and the heaviest decreases, 36, 42, and 57 per cent, in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, suggests that the growth of cities, with resultant development of suburbs and demand for parks, golf links, and other recreational facilities, was a more conspicuous factor.

The actual number of idle farms in New England is now estimated at about 10 per cent of the total. This is not a large proportion in the light of American agricultural practice. In the dairy States and the Corn Belt, where farming is the outstanding industry, nearly all farms are worked; but in parts of the South and of the Far West

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the proportion of unworked farms is very high, reaching 30 per cent in Montana and Wyoming and 19 per cent in Georgia.

Indeed, the last five years, a period of perhaps unprecedented agricultural depression, have had upon agricultural New England an effect surprising to many. While in other parts of the country, especially single-crop regions, there has been a tendency to abandon agriculture for urban pursuits, New England, with small farms and a more varied farm system, has increased in number of farms, in farm population, and in land utilization. The increases, it is true, are slight, but they are the first gains shown since 1880, with the exception of a 1 per cent increase in number of farms (accompanied, however, by a decrease in acreage devoted to crops) between 1890 and 1900.

There are various reasons for the change. For one thing freight rates are high, and on bulky commodities such as farm products represent a considerable proportion of the cost to the consumer. Nearness to market, which is characteristic of New England farming, therefore makes up in part for the greater productivity of Western agriculture. This phase of the situation is accentuated by the lower prices of New England farms, which thus do not require so large an acre return.

Because of climatic conditions New England will probably never produce enough wheat or corn for her own use. She cannot compete with Western farms in these products even on her own market. She may, however, grow enough oats, barley, and rye for local consumption, which she perhaps can afford to do in view of the cost of transporting a bushel of these products from the Middle West.

The production of hay, silage, and forage crops in New England is steadily increasing. The large industrial cities offer a good market for milk, and freight rates are as effective as an embargo in keeping bulky crops like hay from being brought in from the West to feed dairy cattle. The carload rate on hay from Chicago to Boston is 59½ cents a hundred pounds; the rate from Greenfield, in the northwestern part of Massachusetts, to Boston is only 21 cents. In a region like New England products can often be taken to market economically without using the railroads at all.

The demands of industrial markets are also causing increases in fruit- and vegetable-growing and in poultry-raising. Nearly one-fifth of the people of the United States live within short shipping distance of New England's farms. Massachusetts and Rhode Island have a larger proportion of the crop land in fruit than has any other State except California. In these States and in Maine the proportion of crop land in potatoes and other vegetables is exceeded only by that in New Jersey.

Specialization in these crops and in poultry production offers distinct future opportunities, provided modern scientific methods are employed and quality products sought. In agriculture, as in other fields, the demand for quality, particularly in the cities, is steadily on the increase. New England farmers may draw a lesson from the well-known experience of Pacific Coast fruit growers and the somewhat less known success of Utah egg producers. The latter, supplying graded eggs under the trade name of "Milk White Eggs," find it profitable to ship two thousand miles to the New York market, where the commodity brings a price exceeded only by eggs from the immediate vicinity of the metropolis. The practice of permitting middlemen to do the grading and reap the consequent profits results in serious losses to agriculture. New England farmers have favorable conditions for joining together in the production of standard fruit, vegetables, and poultry products. The effect would be simply to give the farmer a larger share than he now receives of the retail price paid for his products.

Steps are already being taken. Brands established by cooperatives in the Nashoba apple district in New Hampshire and Massachusetts are meeting with appreciation in the larger New England markets. In 1925 the 20,000 members of the New England Milk Producers' Association sold more than a billion pounds of milk at prices arrived at through scientific study of costs, supply, demand, and other factors. This association, further, is active in emphasizing butterfat content, in encouraging winter dairying, and in leveling out seasons of surplus and shortage. Residents of the Connecticut Valley, farmers and non-farmers, are uniting to solve the problem of the local tobacco-growing industry, which is faced with a falling demand for the types produced in the valley. A careful survey is in progress, on the basis of which readjustment of the agriculture will be undertaken.

In zeal to bring back New England farming care must be taken not to try to restore to cultivation such hill land as is better adapted to timber than to crops. Timber is now a profitable and much-needed product. Some of the land allowed to revert to forest since 1865 is now yielding an annual net return of from three to five dollars an acre. This also affords winter employment. In New England the wood-lot is a proper part of the farm. There, as elsewhere, marginal agricultural lands should not be put into crops. Under present circumstances attempts to farm poor soil assure the development of a peasant agriculture, living under hopeless economic and social conditions.

New England will never be a great agricultural region. It was such, even comparatively speaking, only when there was little competition. The farms will always be small, though not so small as in the past. Farms of upwards of 100 acres are proving profitable, but the very large farms, 1,000 acres or more, maintained by wealthy city men, have, after increasing in number from 1900 to 1910, diminished rapidly since the latter date. Small farms involve both advantages and disadvantages. Agricultural New England will remain largely free from landlordism. On the other hand, small farms, if efficiently managed, require much hand labor, which commonly, though not necessarily, means lower living conditions. Furthermore, hand agricultural labor is, as a steady thing, distasteful to most Americans.

The result is seen in the fact that a fifth of New England's farms are now operated by the foreign-born, and many more by the sons of the foreign-born. The proportion has for years shown a steady increase in all the New England States, with the smallest increase in Maine and the greatest in Connecticut. The two extremes in the total proportions are likewise found in these States. According to the most recent census figures, the proportion of foreign-born farm operators to the total number of farm operators was 9.1 per cent in Maine, 12.8 in New Hampshire, 13 in Vermont, 23 in Rhode Island, 27.9 in Massachusetts, and 33.7 in Connecticut. No figures are available as to the sons of the foreign-born engaged in farming in New England.

Farmers of native stock complain that they cannot compete with the "foreigners." In part this complaint is a rationalization of the dislike for innovations of any sort in conservative rural communities. The foreign-born have un-

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familiar ways. Their families, especially the women, do different, though perhaps no harder, work than the families of native Americans. Somewhat different agricultural methods are employed. Often the foreign-born supplement their farm income by taking in summer boarders of their own race—a practice repugnant to many of the native farmers. The objections of the New Englanders, many of whose families have lived for generations in the same community, are natural enough. One of the prized advantages of New England has been homogeneity of the population, which is disturbed by the influx of Europeans.

This is a temporary phase. The farms will gradually pass into the hands of the sons of the foreign-born, as indeed many have already passed, and these young people are as American in their viewpoint, habits, and talk as any native. They wear American-made clothes, carry American fountain pens, talk American slang, cheer American politicians, and patronize American bootleggers. In their farm practice they are likely to follow more modern methods than the farmers whose remote ancestors settled the region. They employ labor-saving devices. They operate larger farms than did their fathers. Fortunately, they are not real-estate speculators—they do not amass great tracts of land to hold for a rise in value; but they obtain if possible the size of farm unit which will yield the most satisfactory annual return, and this is somewhat larger than the old-time New England farm.

These farmers, too, tend to be less individualistic than typical rural Americans. They take an active part in cooperative farm organizations, which are proving increasingly important to agricultural prosperity. Cooperative marketing organizations, if well managed, will be economically profitable, reducing the spread between the price received by the farmer and the price paid by the consumer, and experience, notably in Denmark, shows that standards of living rise under a system of agricultural cooperatives. Already, though still relatively young, farmers' cooperatives in the United States are turning toward stimulation of education and social life.

Another development of agriculture and rural life in New England is found in the purchase and use of small suburban farms by factory employees and other city workers. The automobile has made this possible. For fifteen miles around Worcester, Massachusetts, farm after farm of this type is furnishing financial returns while affording a more wholesome home life than the owners could obtain in the town. New England, it is estimated, now has 10,000 suburban farms. This manifestly adapts to contemporary conditions the old New England practice of carrying on farming and a trade at the same time, and offers possibilities for the reestablishment of the nucleated village with its opportunities for communal life.

Nothing is more to be desired in American rural life than the restoration of a real communal life. New England may offer the opportunity. It will not be the same type of life as existed in the early nineteenth century; husking bees and quilting parties are gone forever except as artificially revived as quaint amusements. For that matter, one need not accept "Desire Under the Elms" as a literal picture of nineteenth-century life in rural New England to realize that not all in that region was truth or beauty. If a communal life develops in rural New England, it will be better, not worse, than what preceded. For under present circumstances it cannot develop at all except on the basis of an agriculture that rewards fairly those engaged in it, and of cooperation on the part of farm people.

Bolshevism in China?

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

KARAKHAN sits in Peking in the North of China, and Borodin in Canton in the South. Karakhan is the Soviet Ambassador to the Chinese Republic; Borodin is adviser to the Canton Government, holding his appointment from the national congress of the Kuomintang Party which dominates Canton; but both are Russian agents, paid from Moscow, and both are able, energetic men. What are they doing? Are they trying to sovietize China?

Karakhan is an Armenian, born in Tiflis, Georgia, only 37 years ago; a revolutionary in his school-days, he was forced to flee to Siberia; in Harbin he served a prison term in 1910, in Vladivostok in 1912, in Petrograd in 1915 (for opposition to the war); but he was never outside the borders of Russia until he was named Minister to Poland in 1921. He reached Peking in September, 1923; in nine months he had negotiated a treaty with China which made Russia the most popular foreign nation among the younger generation and himself the official dean of the Diplomatic Corps, and in general had created more stir than most diplomats do in a lifetime. He is a born actor, responsive to his audience, with quick, mobile gestures of his almost feminine hands. His lips are full; his nose somewhat hooked; his eyes gleam behind thick octagonal eyeglasses; his hair is already slightly grayed, but his pointed beard, shaved to a sharp line on the cheeks, is thick and brown. He, most foreigners believe, is the fountainhead of all the recent troubles in China, with thousands of paid agents among the students and workers.

"Propaganda?" he said to me one day. "Of course I do propaganda. But I don't have to pay for it. Why should I pay students and professors to say what they want to say anyway? Paid propagandists are never any good; how can a man stir others unless he has the fire of sincerity in his own breast? I spoke last week at one of the universities, and my speech was all propaganda—and so was your Silas Strawn's when he spoke at Tsinghua; last summer, when student delegations flooded Peking, I received them all, fed them just such tea and cakes as I am offering you, and talked to them. That was propaganda." He chuckled. "It was good propaganda too, especially when those same students went to your American Legation and were received by a third assistant under secretary who was obviously in a hurry to get away from them so that he could play golf. It was propaganda last week when we lowered our Embassy flag to half-mast on the anniversary of Sun Yat-sen's death, while no other legation remembered to honor the first President of China. They are fools, fools! They miss their chances—and then they think I have to pay for my propaganda!"

What Russia wants in China, Karakhan said, is "a

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strong, independent China." "We are the only Power that really supports the Nationalist movement," he insisted. "The others say they want a strong government, but they refuse to abandon their unequal-treaty privileges until China is strong—and of course she never will be strong until she has thrown overboard those treaties. We have proved our sincerity by our actions; we have renounced the unequal treaties. It's not idealism; it's just sense. A strong, independent China will naturally be our friend. Inevitably she will be against imperialism, which is everywhere our enemy. She will need foreign capital—she cannot develop without it—but, like Russia, she will not want to grant special privileges and control to the financial powers that lend her money. And in that fight Russia is her only possible friend. The facts fight with us; China's struggle for emancipation brings her every day closer to us. No wonder they are afraid of us; the vision of a strong China close to a strong Russia is enough to make the colonizing Powers shudder. That's why they stick to their treaties."

(As I look back over my notebooks I find an interview with an American official on the same day that I talked with Karakhan. These phrases rise to punctuate Karakhan's argument: "The Nationalist wants to deal with theories; we have to deal with facts, and the treaties exist." "We don't want to wipe out Japanese interests by a too high customs tariff in China." "The Powers don't want free money to come into the hands of the present Peking Government; they don't trust it." "Sentiment is no use. You can't honestly argue that the Chinese have any deserts—they have been so absolutely immoral in their domestic and international relations.")

Karakhan scoffs at the idea of sovietizing China. "China is in a very hopeful stage," he told me. "You may read of civil war in the newspapers, but colossal historic forces are at work beneath the surface. And if you want to know what the result will be, look at Canton."

I had looked at Canton, and seen there the things which cause the Constitutional Defense League to describe it as "a full-fledged soviet government." In Canton, for more than a year a Strike Committee maintained a boycott of British goods; the century-old foreign hospital has been closed because its employees were not unionized; the foreigners live on sufferance, and the students in the missionary schools are currently described as "running-dogs of imperialism." I had seen union headquarters decorated with pictures of Lenin and Trotzky; walls pasted with lurid anti-foreign posters of obvious Russian inspiration; Russian officers drilling Chinese cadets, Russian advisers serving in half a dozen government departments—although General Chiang Kai-shek summarily ousted, in March, a score of them whom he thought too bumptious. I knew that Russia had lent money to the Cantonese to help them build their army and establish their Nationlist government, and I had talked with Borodin, the tall, dark, slow-spoken Russian who in three years has won for himself a position of curious authority with the Chinese, and with the leading "Communists" of Canton.

Tam Ping-san, for instance. Tam is a veteran revolutionist reminding one of Hippolyte Havel, the amiable anarchist who used to have the reputation of being the best cook in Greenwich Village. "Communism is a long way off," Tam said, "because China is economically so backward. But the road to communism lies through China's national emancipation. Our Nationalist movement is to us what the labor movement is to the West—and it is the working class in the most developed parts of China which leads the Nationalist movement here. For the present we have to cooperate with the petty bourgeoisie and the militarists. But it will be a long fight, and in its course class lines will develop. How the class struggle will work out we cannot yet tell."

Indeed they cannot. I talked long with many so-called Communists—both older men and passionate young students who make Sun Yat-sen and Lenin their twin gods, and spend their vacations (often their study months too) touring the country to rouse the villages against the imperialists—and they never seemed more than very intense and earnest Nationalists. Of the struggle against foreign capitalists they could and would talk in fierce terms; but of class struggle among Chinese they had small conception. I talked too with leaders, both Chinese and foreign, in the well-financed anti-Russian movements which center about the British-owned *North China Daily News* of Shanghai, and I was never able to understand the basis for either fear or hope of communism in China.

Two factors, absent in China, made the bolshevik revolution in Russia possible. One was the network of railroads centering in Moscow. The coast regions, accessible to the anti-communist foreign Powers, dropped away; but Moscow, the railroad center, controlled the continental mass of Russia. China has no railroad centers; its great cities are all on the coasts, accessible to Western gunboats, and independent of each other. Canton, Shanghai, Hankow, Peking, Mukden—each has its own government. With the Western Powers in full control of Hongkong, Shanghai, and Dairen, established in Tientsin and Hankow, patrolling the Yangtze, and administering one quarter of Peking, the unification of China is difficult enough under any circumstances; it would be ten times more difficult to unite it for an economic principle and system of government remote from Chinese practice and tradition.

Furthermore, China has no class-conscious farmers. Its rice-and-cabbage peasantry live close to the starvation line (the average farm in some regions is under one acre), and doubtless would gladly revolt if they saw anything to revolt against. The Russian peasant worked in sight of a landlord who obviously lived in relative luxury; and when the Bolsheviks, alone among the Russian parties, said "Take the land" they won the peasants, for the crucial moment, to their support. But the wealthy Chinese live in the cities, often under foreign protection in the foreign concessions; except, perhaps, in Anhwei, China has few great landed estates. Wealth is concealed. In the Canton and Yangtze deltas, to be sure, where the soil is rich and the market cities close, land rentals are oppressively high, and wherever water must be artificially supplied for irrigation—which requires capital—absentee landlordism, with its attendant evils, enters, and peasant class consciousness begins. Some of the orthodox Moscow economists, who are professional prophets of communism, build vast hopes upon this peasant proletariat; but despite the success of the Canton Government in organizing peasant unions to support it in that province and the spontaneous appearance of peasant self-defense organizations in soldier-ridden Honan and Shensi, I saw scant reason to believe in their permanence. Peasants and farmers are the hardest class in the world to organize—largely because their class enemy is not visible. The great

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mass of China lives on as it has lived for untold centuries, untouched and unaware of the industrial contacts which are revolutionizing the self-conscious port cities. China's revolutions—dynastic, nationalist, or economic—will receive little either of effective aid or opposition from the peasant masses.

Russia's real contribution to the Chinese Revolution is a method of party organization. The Canton Government, like the Moscow Government, is ruled by the "Political Bureau"—a sort of executive committee—of a political party, which in Canton is Sun Yat-sen's old Kuomintang, rejuvenated under Russian expert guidance. This party now has nearly half a million members in all China; it governs Canton, and has a certain influence in Feng Yu-hsiang's, the "Christian general's," territory. Where it holds power it rules as a party dictatorship—and this comes as near as anything in China today to political democracy. The attempt to establish a republic on the American model has been a total failure, nothing is left of it; it had no roots in the soil, and it washed out. Its last appearance was in the Parliament which Tsao Kun bribed to elect him President in 1923. All China, with the partial exception of Canton, is ruled by military dictators, and even in Canton General Chiang Kai-shek seems to be growing in influence. The Russians, with their technique of party dictatorship, have provided China with a method by which it may in time grow beyond personal dictatorships. It may be called sovietism, but honest democrats will welcome it.

Karakhan and Borodin would, I believe, deplore anything like an attempt at Communist rule in China today, because they want a strong, friendly neighbor, and realize that chaos in China provides opportunity for their enemies. They are not averse to stirring up trouble in regions where European—or Japanese—control is strong. The fantastic stories of thousands of Russian agents circulating about China are unquestionably fairy tales, but every Chinese radical who wants it can have sympathy and encouragement at the nearest Russian consulate. Radical leaders in Peking sought the protection of the Russian Embassy when the political climate became unhealthy for them last spring. Borodin lectures every day in Canton on the lessons and methods of the Russian Revolution; and both Canton and the Christian general have had Russian aid in their military operations. (Since traveling by automobile the 1,100 miles across desert, mountains, and bridgeless rivers which separate Feng Yu-hsiang's railroad base from the Trans-Siberian Railway, however, I have lost faith in the stories of immense Russian munitions supplies being shipped across Mongolia to Feng.) Karakhan dilates upon the foreign control of Chinese banking (although Russian banks have a virtual monopoly in Harbin); he denounces the foreign bondholders of the Chinese railroads (although the Chinese Eastern is virtually governed by Russians);* he expatiates upon the nobility of the Russians in renouncing exterritoriality (although it had already lapsed in practice after the Soviet Revolution); he elaborates upon the example of Russia in not joining the Powers in their various ultimatums to China (although when the Chinese Eastern was threatened he spoke promptly and vigorously and effectively).

Westerners in China make much of these apparent inconsistencies. It is their right. It is also Karakhan's right to exploit his position to the utmost. Russia has abandoned her concessions in Hankow and Tientsin; she is ready for customs autonomy; and as long as Russia and China are capital-importing countries, they will continue to have a real community of interest in defending themselves against the efforts of the capital-exporting countries to control them. While the Western Powers stumble along in their present stupid unconceding fashion the Russians can make hay. As Karl Radek, rector of the Sun Yat-sen University, which is giving 400 Chinese boys and girls a Moscow education, said to me: "You Americans still have an opportunity to keep the Chinese Revolution in bourgeois channels. You are not tied, like England, to a burdensome past; and you have capital to invest. If you put yourselves on the side of the national renaissance you can keep the Chinese revolution bourgeois for twenty years at least—perhaps more. But I doubt if you will have the sense to do it."

[*This is the sixth in Lewis Gannett's series of articles on China. The last—America's Role in China—will appear in* The Nation *for September 8.*]

Fate and the Ohio Gang

By EDGAR MELS

FLANKED by cohorts of press agents and captained by their leader, Harry Daugherty, the Ohio Gang swooped down upon Washington in the spring of 1920. The Best Minds took office and established a record of inefficiency, graft, and political thieving that will probably never be fully exposed. Much of it is lost beyond recall; more is buried deep in mountainous reports of Senate-committee hearings. The law has been slow to move against the political adventurers who pillaged the public till during the Harding regime, although a few are behind bars. And, as was pointed out in *The Nation* for July 28, the oil scandal is forgotten while the men involved still evade justice.

But if the mills of men have been slow in their grinding, the mills of the gods have ground both fast and fine. Death, who knows no party and is susceptible to no influence, has garnered an amazing crop among the members of the Ohio Gang. With very few exceptions every notable member of Harding's retinue of personal friends in office is ill, dead, in jail, or under indictment.

Let us begin at the top. Warren Harding, riding along Pennsylvania Avenue to take the oath of office, little dreamed that within three short years he would die. Amiable, likable, a weak man for so great an office, a good country editor and a negative Senator, Harding was the tool of the Ohio Gang. Personally honest, he permitted the gang to do as it pleased. Only when Howard Mannington grew reckless did Harding assert himself. He ordered Mannington to leave Washington.

Daugherty, the real commander of the Harding Administration, is in failing health. Indicted in connection with the American Metals case, his trial is scheduled for early next month. His son, Draper, who is accused of having shared in the enterprises and profits of the gang, has been in a sanitarium, from which he was recently released. Jess Smith, Daugherty's best friend and col-

* There the Russians have the excuse that because it feeds into territory occupied by Japanese troops and dominated by the Japanese-owned South Manchurian Railroad, any effort to return this railroad to the Chinese would, under present circumstances, really mean handing it over to the Japanese.

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lector (so termed by Daugherty himself), died in a mysterious manner in Daugherty's apartment in the Wardman Park Hotel in Washington. That he did not commit suicide is my belief. He knew too much about the inner workings of the gang. His doom was sealed and he paid the price.

Cramer, appointed by Harding as chief counsel to the Veterans' Bureau after he had bought the Harding residence in Washington, committed suicide. Harding's personal physician, Brigadier General Sawyer, accused by Forbes of being the real villain in the Veterans' Bureau scandal, is also dead. Charles Forbes, appointed by Harding to head the Veterans' Bureau, is in Leavenworth prison, serving a term for malfeasance and other crimes. He is partially paralyzed and may not live his term out. Thompson, his partner in crime, died before he could be taken to prison. The case of Secretary of the Interior Albert B. Fall, indicted in the oil scandal, is now in the courts.

Next comes John T. King of Bridgeport, Connecticut, political boss and opportunist at large. Associated with Jess Smith, he is accused of having manipulated the Alien Property Custodian's office to his own benefit. He was indicted in connection with the American Metals case. Within a few days after pleading not guilty he died. His will, offered for probate the other day, left $50,000 in American Metals bonds to his widow. He was accused of having accepted that sum to help return the property to its German owners.

Indicted with King is Colonel Thomas W. Miller, appointed by Harding as Alien Property Custodian. Miller was Eastern manager for Leonard Wood, but eventually supported Harding. As thanks, Harding appointed him to handle the vast German properties seized during the war. Miller, like King and Daugherty, is facing trial in connection with the return of the American Metals Company to its alien owners. Miller, who claims a perfect defense, was stricken with blood poisoning shortly after his last and superseding indictment, and almost died. Then there is George Remus of Cincinnati, who made millions out of liquor withdrawals, sanctioned by the Department of Justice. Remus served a term in Atlanta penitentiary, where Gaston B. Means, another member of the Harding entourage, now is.

Of the whole gang, Howard Mannington stands out as the only successful survivor. He is rich. He made large sums during his comparatively brief stay in Washington; his most remunerative sortie being his visit to Cuba for the National City Bank to adjust its sugar investments. Why he was chosen for this responsible post may some day be told. But apart from Mannington the gang has drifted to a destruction which puts to scorn merely human agencies of law and justice.

In the Driftway

THE following letter breezes into the Drifter from Minneapolis, on the banks of the Father of Waters:

DEAR SIR:

The Drifter has been abroad, I see, and he has had a sorry time of it in Constantinople, Paris, and other foreign cities, because whenever he tried to order ham and eggs no one understood him. English is not as universal as some would have us believe, I take it. May I offer a word of advice to the Drifter. Before you go abroad next time study Esperanto for a month and when you leave take with you the Year Book of the Universal Esperanto Association. You will then be linked up with a huge fraternal organization, as it were, whose members are to be found in every nook and cranny of the world. U. E. A., as it is called for short, has delegates almost everywhere and they are eager to serve you. If you know a smattering of Esperanto, hunger need no longer gnaw at your vitals, and Constantinople will no longer be a city in which your health and happiness will be threatened by a linguistic food blockade. Turning to page 261 of your Year Book you will find that the delegate for that far-away city is Constantin Anastassaidi, civil engineer, rue Validé Djismé 37-39, Péra. Go to him and tell him who you are and what you want. The chances are a hundred to one he will not only be delighted to meet you but he will see to it that you are both fed and entertained.

How about little old Paris? Is there a delegate there? Bless your heart, yes! One chief delegate, one vice-delegate, twenty delegates. You will also find eight Esperanto clubs and the Central Esperanto Office and Library, the latter at 51, rue de Clichy.

Kun alta estimo,
DR. LEHMAN WENDELL,
Pres. Twin City Esperanto Club

* * * * *

THERE is much in this letter which appeals to the Drifter. He would like immensely to trot about in Constantinople with Mr. Anastassaidi, but he doubts if the conversation would continue for long in Esperanto. If Mr. Anastassaidi is enough of an Occidental to be interested in Esperanto, he is also modern enough to speak English much more fluently than the Drifter would be likely to speak Esperanto after six easy lessons—and the Drifter is too lazy to take any other kind. So after a few introductory passes in Esperanto, in which the Drifter would be a poor second to Mr. Anastassaidi, the latter would politely switch into English. That is the Drifter's usual experience in using a foreign language, and why should Esperanto prove an exception? Esperanto is theoretically the only language that anyone needs to know, but practically the Drifter observes that it is taken up principally by persons who are excellent linguists and have already mastered several other tongues. Perhaps that is why they find it so easy. Another thing which makes Esperanto a good conversational medium is that it is an artificially acquired language on the part of all persons using it. But in similar circumstances possibly any other language is as good. It is common experience, for instance, for an American who has difficulty in understanding the French of Frenchmen to find that he can get along in that language swimmingly with a Russian or an Italian.

* * * * *

BUT although the Drifter would like to call on Mr. Anastassaidi in Constantinople he imagines he would have a pretty thin time among the chief delegate, the vice-delegate, the twenty delegates, the eight clubs, and the Central Esperanto Office and Library in Paris. There is not always strength in numbers. Merely to encounter a fellow-American in, say, Ragusa, Sicily, means a friendly welcome, while the meeting of two white men in some parts of the Orient may be an excuse for an elaborate pow-wow. But the Drifter would not undertake to go about London visiting persons merely because they were Americans. Too many doors would be closed in his face with the chill information: "I'm sorry but I can't lend you anything."

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FINALLY the Drifter denies the suggestion that "no one understood him" abroad. The Drifter is perhaps the sole inhabitant of this sphere who does not consider himself misunderstood. His regret is that both at home and abroad people understand him much too accurately and are not all as charitable as the mother of Jurgen—who loved him though she knew him very well.

Kun even more alta estimo,
THE DRIFTER,
Pres. Twin Hemisphere Ignoramuses' Club

Correspondence

Pay That Debt in Maple Sugar!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The diplomats having been unable to find a way of settling the matter of the French debt, I submit the following plan. The French have been made to appear as a nation of dead beats. This is unfortunate, for if there is one thing above all others which a real American cannot stand, it is a dead beat or bilk.

They should call Andy Mellon's bluff, and offer to pay the entire debt at once. The French ambassador should announce that French factories will soon be producing great quantities of a new and improved form of aluminum ware. He should point out, at the same time, that as American shells were admitted to France free of duty in 1917 he would expect a reciprocal favor for his aluminum. For the benefit of Senator Borah he should add that because of the unusual wool crops of Algiers and New Caledonia the French will export many million dollars' worth of this commodity, and that their plan is to send it all to America to be credited toward the debt. It might be a little more difficult to convince Jim Reed that enough French corn and hogs could be sent this year to knock the bottom out of the American market, but it would be worth trying. And a few words might be added of the enormous quantities of French maple sugar that are awaiting exportation.

If the French ambassador has a sufficiently good poker face to do this, I believe that the matter of the French debt will disappear from our political discussions like ice from the ice-box in August.

Champaign, Illinois, July 27 HENRY J. RAVENSWOOD

Mary, Guaranteed Genuine

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your article, Henry Ford, Antiquarian, you mention the schoolhouse at Sterling, Massachusetts, to which Mary Sawyer took her little lamb one morning in 1811 or 1812, etc.

There has been a controversy between Sterling, Massachusetts, and the *Argus-Champion* of the Sunshine Towne, Newport, New Hampshire, in regard to the authoress and the scene of this event. I extract from Newport's Sunshine Towne bulletin the following:

NEWPORT THE BIRTHPLACE OF MARY AND HER LITTLE LAMB

The poem, Mary had a Little Lamb, dear to childhood the world over, was published by Sarah Josepha Hale, Newport's noted author, in a book of verses entitled "Poems for Our Children," in 1830. The schoolhouse to which the lamb followed Mary (in the person of Sarah Buell, later Mrs. Hale) is standing in Guild, a village in Newport. It was made over into a dwelling-house some years ago. A fund is being collected by the Newport Board of Trade to erect a fitting memorial to Mrs. Hale, Mary, and the Lamb, which shall become a shrine of American Childhood.

Brooklyn, July 30 CHESTER S. EHRMAN

On the Purity of Readers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Referring to John T. Moutoux's communication stating that the Congressional Library will not permit Havelock Ellis's "Studies in the Psychology of Sex" to be taken from the library, what is the meaning of your caption Officially Pure over that letter?

You seem to jump to the conclusion that this excellent rule is another case of "Comstockery." The librarian of Columbia University, which has a similar ruling, tells me that some of the volumes of this set in that library have had to be purchased three times, and this third volume is already mutilated by vandals who take out a page, or sometimes even four or five, of the more lurid case histories. The Congressional Library can probably cite a similar experience. How long the books would last if allowed to leave the library may be judged.

New York, August 1 ROBERT J. CONKLIN

—*Advt.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To those of us from the North who have long lived in Florida your article Florida Cashes in Her Chips was amusing. It will benefit Florida by helping to keep out of the State such people as those who—incompetent and unsuccessful wherever they may live—poured into Florida last year with the undying hope of finding a place where it would be possible to get something for nothing and to acquire a fortune without labor. Naturally there was prolonged wailing and gnashing of teeth when these people had to learn by experience that, even in Florida, figs are not gathered from thistles. The advent of these, and of the dishonest who came to exploit them, and who callously destroyed magnificent live oaks, great magnolias, and many other beautiful things in their avidity for money, made it seem, for a time, that Florida was in the deplorable process of gaining the whole world and losing her own soul. The fact that these people now cherish the belief that Florida is "seriously affected" by their departure recalls that masterpiece of irony in which Chicken-Little frantically reported "The sky is falling!" when a rose-leaf chanced to fall on her own feathers.

The fact that the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad is at present spending vast sums on its lines in Florida is not exactly indicative of "collapse" here. Even Coral Gables recorded building permits last month amounting to more than one million dollars. Many of the automobiles that recently passed "a Georgian, lounging on his doorstep," will appear again when the owners return in the autumn, for many thousands of Floridians spend the summers in the North. We who live here hope that the others will not return.

Winter Park, Florida, July 7 MARY FRANCIS BAKER

Beyond Ford's Utopia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If all business men accepted Ford's program and carried it out intelligently; if the wage motive supplanted the profit motive; if prices were reduced to an unbelievable minimum, and wages elevated to an utopian maximum; if we had a five-day or even a four-day week for wage-earners; if all these most desirable consummations were every-day facts of life, then what would happen to the price of real estate and to rents?

I am, of course, a single-taxer, but to my obtuse mind the question cannot be laughed off because of that fact. The status of land tenure cannot be ignored.

Los Angeles, July 23 GEORGE A. BRIGGS

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Books and Music

Live Epitaphs

By AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL

A Poor Woman

Some say she has to wear a shawl
To hide her bones, and some
Say once a mouse crept from her wall
And offered her a crumb.

Miser

Once through the window we looked in
And saw how he would count and gloat:
The man is tighter than his skin,
And older than his overcoat.

Village Belle

Three stalwart suitors strove to win
Kate Byrd, who wedded last December
A man who's never had a chin
Since any of us can remember.

Dressmaker

I think the Lord when he's dismissing
Transgressions will forgive her sins.
Poor Jenny's lips, once red for kissing,
Are sentenced now to holding pins.

Inheritors

"It is not time for you to go,"
They told him, but as though to mock
Their words, the sick man seemed to know
Each had his eye upon the clock.

Economist

Miss Jones is frugal in her way.
To find if something had gone bad
She tried it on a tramp one day
Who died. It seems it had.

First Glance

THE Oxford University Press is to me the most interesting press in the world. No publisher's catalogue holds half the excitement, I am convinced, that is to be found in the annual volume which Mr. Humphrey Milford issues out of Amen House; no list of titles now in print is better calculated to tease the poor scholar with thoughts of the good things he will never be able to buy. I speak of the scholar, for it is he whom the Press particularly serves. And at present I have even more particularly in mind the scholar in literature who looks to Oxford for editions of the old English poets. There he will find them to his taste—solidly introduced and annotated, impeccably printed and bound, and frequently, alas, expensive beyond the dream of purchase. But there they are; and as he can the scholar provides himself with the Chaucer, the Donne, the Ben Jonson, the Herrick, the Milton, or the Vaughan. He will look elsewhere for signs that literature is alive today, if he wants such signs at all. In his Alexandrian moods he will lock himself in among the treasures here brought to him out of the past.

In its zeal for definitive editions the Press is sometimes Alexandrian with a vengeance, lavishing its wonderful resources upon the most minor of men. An instance is "Satirical Poems published anonymously by William Mason, with notes by Horace Walpole now first printed from his manuscript; edited, with an exposé of the mystification, notes, and index, by Paget Toynbee" ($14). The six obscure satires of Mason are nothing whatever but curiosities, and the commentary by Walpole, while, like anything from the once so busy hand of this supreme dilettante, it is worth preserving, is certainly without present or past significance. Yet Mr. Toynbee as editor has performed his slender task with monumental pains. More can be said for "The Poems of Richard Lovelace," edited by C. H. Wilkinson (2 vols.: $35), though here, too, we have the spectacle of vast editorial effort expended upon a text of very little weight Lovelace wrote two lyrics which many poets would give their necks to have written; further than that, though h published a good deal, he is inconsequential. Mr. Wilkinson however, rakes all the rubbish; examines it with exhaustive care; loads notes galore upon it; reproduces in sixteen lovely engravings the faces of Lovelace, Lucasta, and Althea, the texts of documents bearing on the poet's life, and the musical settings for several of the songs as they were sung in the seventeenth century; and gives us in the end a surpassingly beautiful book for the eye and the hand—though hardly the mind—to enjoy. His biography of the poet, while arduously undertaken, yields little information of a positive nature. The handsome frontispiece, he admits, may not be a picture of Lovelace after all; he proves that To Althea from Prison could not have been written from confinement; and he concludes that nothing is to be known about either Lucasta or Althea.

In an entirely different category are two more recent Oxford reprints. "William Blake's Prophetic Writings," edited by D. J. Sloss and J. P. R. Wallis (2 vols.: $14), and "Wordsworth's Prelude," edited from the manuscripts by Ernest de Selincourt ($8.50), give us in important new forms the major works of major men. Messrs. Sloss and Wallis, following a host of editors who of late years have labored to make their mad master intelligible, may now claim to have produced the standard working text of Blake's prophetic books. The great Nonesuch edition notwithstanding, this is the place to go for an understanding—if understanding is the word—of the whole metaphysic contained in the whirling space which lies between "The Book of Thel" and "The Ghost of Abel." The General Introduction in the second volume furnishes the most patient and intelligent statement I have seen of Blake's growing philosophy of liberty; and everywhere the two editors manifest a sympathy, joined with a sanity, such as no dealer with Blake henceforth can afford to be without. As for the prophecies themselves, here at last an accessible edition presents them with all their monstrous defects, all their demonic strength, and—on occasion—all their angelic freshness.

There can scarcely be a question concerning the importance of Mr. de Selincourt's labors, since "The Prelude"

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is the outstanding achievement in English poetry since "Paradise Lost." The only text we have had heretofore is that of 1850—Wordsworth's final version, published soon after his death. That Wordsworth valued his masterpiece properly is proved by the existence of five virtually complete manuscripts and several notebooks containing portions of the poem. Of these Mr. de Selincourt makes a composite text which he opposes page by page to the published one; and in an introduction he analyzes the significance for Wordsworth's mind and art of the differences between the two. The final version is clearly the best of them all, though intellectually the man of eighty was less daring than the man of thirty had been. In the beginning he thought too much for the good of his art. At the end he thought too little. "The Prelude" comes out of that happy early prime when he both thought and felt, and when he best knew how to write.

MARK VAN DOREN

A Bible for Bibuli

A Book of Wine. By P. Morton Shand. Brentano's. $4.50.

THIS is not a book; it is an encyclopedia. I can imagine no reasonable question, issuing out of a wine-bibber's yearning soul, that it does not answer. The whole tale of French wines, Northern and Southern, red and white, sparkling and still, is told in voluptuous detail, with lists of all the extant varieties, notes upon the grapes that make them, and wise observations about vintages. One hears (and instantly believes) that Château Latour is "richly spacious and inspiring," that Château Margaux is "delicate and poetic," and that Château Lafite is "grand and sublime." There follow glowing pages upon the wines of Burgundy, upon those of the Loire, upon those of Alsace-Lorraine, upon those of the Jura and Savoy. Then comes a superb treatise upon the incomparable white wines of Germany—the tart and lovely Rhenish, the fragrant Moselle, the luscious Pfälzer, the ancient and romantic *Steinwein in Bocksbeutel.* And there are chapters upon the wines of Spain—not only the familiar sherry, but also the vastly underestimated light wines—upon port and its fraudulences, upon the Austrian and Hungarian wines, upon Madeira and Canary, upon the fiery wines of Italy, and even upon the wines of Greece, Algeria, Chili, Cyprus, Australia, the Crimea, and even Persia.

Mr. Shand, an Englishman, is both scholar and artist, scientist and connoisseur. His learning is of that vast and luminous sort which seems to clothe its subject like a blanket—nay, like a brilliant banner, glowing with stars. He is no mere cataloguer of vintages and retailer of vineyard scandals. When he speaks of the "hallowed hectares" of Puligny-Montrachet one picks up the vibration of his palate; when he says that the humble Cassis, grown near Marseilles, has "a peculiar gritty flavor," one feels his teeth gritting. One pictures him spending long days in his wine-cellar, respectfully accoutered in claw-hammer and white waistcoat, with his eye seeking secrets in the cobwebs and his heart going pitter-pat. Is there a suspicious cloudiness in that majestic Château Rauzan-Ségla? Are the corks sick in that 1917er Hattenheimer Hassel Auslese? Is there what seems to be a fly (*Musca domestica*) in that last priceless half-bottle of Close de Bèze? Then wurrah-wurrah! Then *Potztausend Donnerwetter!* Then hosanna backward out of the Black Mass! Mr. Shand dedicates his book to his father, to his son, and to his old schoolmaster. There are whole chapters in it that were plainly written on his knees.

Curiously enough, he shows a foul and preposterous ignorance when he comes to the wines of California. Can it be that the English have reached such a state of mind that *everything* American is obnoxious to them? Whatever the cause, the fact remains that what he says of the California vintages, especially of the last years, is full of nonsense. He speaks of them as if they were fit only for Greenwich Village and the visiting buyers. Nothing could be further from the truth. I give him Cresta Blanca, as a Burgundy not to be matched at the price in Paris. I give him the Hocks of the Italian-Swiss Colony, and even some of the Moselles. I give him the white wines that hailed, not from California, but from the islands in Lake Erie. Can it be that, like most wine-bibbers, he occasionally swallows a label instead of the wine? I half suspect it. Certainly if he had ever flooded his oesophagus with Cresta Blanca of a good year, he would not talk in so lordly and snooty a style of American viniculture. We had still a long way to go, but we were assiduously on our way. In another ten years our labels would have caught up with our wines, and even Englishmen would have become aware of Château Hollywood, Clos Mooney, and 1919er Rauenthaler-Sterlinger Terrassenauslese. But I speak of what might have been.

H. L. MENCKEN

The Madness of Nations

The Neuroses of the Nations. By C. E. Playne. Thomas Seltzer. $5.

THIS work is the beginning of what promises to be the most thorough and penetrating psychological study of nationalism yet executed by any author. It is cast in terms of psychopathology and, in general, is based upon a sound individual and social psychology. There is a certain risk involved in the direct transference of the symptomology of the individual to the behavior of national groups. There is also occasionally some quite evident straining in the effort to fit the facts of nationalistic expression into the adopted categories of psychopathology. On the whole, however, the procedure is sound and the treatment convincing.

The author first describes with some care the typical traits of the individual neurosis as expounded by the best present-day dynamic psychology. These he finds to be increased anxiety; heightened excitability; greater susceptibility to intense hatreds, often upon slight or imaginary pretexts; hyper-suggestibility; frequent surrender to illusions; loss of memory; and, occasionally, general dementia.

Turning to a consideration of national psychology, Dr. Playne discovers in the psychology of Germany and France before the war the following symptoms: (1) A general deterioration of national morale and intelligence; (2) an increasing frequency of easily precipitated panics; (3) the wild and irresponsible tendencies of armed forces, remarkably similar in character to the behavior of criminals; (4) a growing tendency to place reliance upon war and to welcome the approach of conflict; (5) a capitulation to the psychology of haste and anxiety; (6) a marked decline in intellectual poise and religious faith; (7) a general lust for concrete achievement; (8) the domination of ruthless personal ambition on the part of unscrupulous leaders; (9) the gradual suppression of memory and a growing inability to profit by experience. These led to a complete breakdown of group control. Dr. Playne asks whether such traits were ever characteristic of European society at an earlier date, and answers with the assertion that such symptoms were never so widely diffused over Europe as they were in the generation before the World War. This was due primarily to the development of the new technology of communication and to the gradual spread of democracy.

The remainder of the volume is devoted to a penetrating analysis of nationalism in Germany and France since 1870; a second volume will treat the national neurosis of England. The discussion of German nationalism is illuminating and convincing, even if the author relies at times upon such shaky testimony as the memoirs of Ambassador Gerard and of Dr. Davis, the Kaiser's American dentist. The German neurosis

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Dr. Playne assigns primarily to the combination of exuberance after the victorious Franco-Prussian War with the remarkable growth of German material prosperity and power. Added to these were the fear of encirclement and the ability of the German jingoists to exploit the manifestations of the French revenge spirit and the diplomatic threats of the Triple Entente. After Bismarck's retirement those in control of German policy did not possess the wisdom or capacity to keep matters under judicious control. Too much space is given to an analysis of the vagaries of the Pan-American League. Had the author been acquainted with Dr. Wertheimer's admirable monograph he would have realized that, however imbecilic this organization may have been, it had no general following in Germany and did not receive governmental approval. It offers rich material for a study of the psychopathology of special groups but it had no great influence upon German foreign policy before the World War.

The study of the French neurosis is particularly valuable, not because France was essentially worse than the other European states but because of the general ignorance of the French state of mind on the part of English and American readers. In England and America there has been no lack of conviction as to German arrogance and aggressiveness, but we have generally believed France to have been quiet, pacific, and thoroughly terrified at the prospect of war. A perusal of Dr. Playne's trenchant pages will put an end for all time to this naive illusion. The author deals with gratifying thoroughness with the part played by Maurice Barrès in stimulating French nationalism, but he does not tell us enough of Déroulède, Chéradame, Clemenceau, and Delcassé. It is made clear that the core of French nationalism lay in the sting of the defeat of France in 1870 and the determination to recover Alsace-Lorraine:

> We must get to the heart of the complex. This was hatred and jealousy aroused by the German possession of Alsace-Lorraine. This was the center around which the nerve-storm raged. . . . The inhabitants of the provinces had, more or less, settled down under the conditions of German rule. Materially, in wealth and well-being of all kinds, they prospered exceedingly. They had the means to live interesting, busy lives, and old grievances could be forgotten. While certain families and clans apparently kept up strong francophile feelings, the bulk of the population were taken up with the distractions of a flourishing and busy epoch. But French chauvinism, the "France herself again" tendency, which grew up about the turn of the century, seized on the lost-provinces complex, revived it, and cultivated it for all it was worth. . . . Alsatian men and women in native costume were sent to take part in processions and fetes in France in order to arouse "fine" nationalistic feelings. It is indicative of the neurasthenic character of these feelings that emotional storms were excited by the performances and processions, so that many wept as they witnessed the affecting sight presented by these peasants of the lost provinces, in the national dress of the lands which had been "torn from the body of France."

Chapter seven of Part II is a very valuable study of the origins of the World War based upon a knowledge of the new evidence. The author errs, however, in contending that a general psychological explosion brought on the World War; as a matter of fact the explosion came after war had been decided upon or actually declared. All in all the volume is a distinct contribution to the literature of nationalism, and constitutes an excellent supplement to Professor Hayes's somewhat more calm and judicious collection of historical essays on the subject. We shall await with particular interest the appearance of the second volume dealing with England, for it has been generally assumed in America since 1914 that nobody but the most obsessed Hibernian could possibly imagine that England has ever entertained sentiments other than those of the sweetest humility and the most determined pacifism.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

Roads to Illusion

Mape: The World of Illusion. By André Maurois. D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

HERE is an intrepid Frenchman. At a time when *les jeunes* are one and all wearing hobnailed boots that they may the more ferociously step upon the grave of the Master, André Maurois quietly continues the tradition of Anatole France. In him, confronting us like so many *revenants*, are the familiar careful lucidity, the restrained fancy, the library flavor, the disinclination to take one's characters seriously, and finally, that substratum of idea, never so thick as to be profound, never so thin as to be trivial. Mape, a child's term for the world of illusion, is furthermore the world in which so many of Anatole France's people live. It is a constructed cosmos, that happy "place to stand on" from which, with the lever of irony, one may move, or at least, poke at, the world. Brotteaux and Bonnard already live in Mape. They are almost indigenous. It is because they are so completely set outside the hurly-burly of reality that they are able to make so many neat if not wise remarks about it.

In Maurois's book, on the other hand, Mape is a land sought for, not found. The three stories of which it consists detail three separate voyages of discovery. How does one build up illusion? Here are three ways, at least. The first is the way of the Creator. In the charming anecdotical manner of "Ariel," the author etches for us a picture of the young Goethe. We see the wooing of Charlotte Buff. Unable to win her, the poet suffers intensely. How shall he untie the Gordian knot of his inhibited feelings? In a flash the mirage of Mape swims into his ken. He translates his thwarted passion into art; and "Werther" is born. By a feat of imaginative sympathy Maurois has evoked the history of a sublimation; and by so doing, he has simultaneously presented us with a piece of pure genetic criticism. That he has chosen to do this anecdotically rather than analytically is what separates his tale from a piece of criticism such as Mr. Krutch's Poe.

There is another road to Mape. It is a beaten thoroughfare, this one, for it is that which we take when we read a book. It is the way of the Reader. If the Reader makes his hero-identification in thought only, then is his Mape evanescent. But sometimes he solidifies his Mape. "Life imitates Art much more than Art imitates Life." We act out our heroes. Julien Sorel read the Napoleonic proclamations, steeped himself in a mythos, and so lived the life of a Man of Destiny as much as he did that of Julien Sorel. In Maurois's story the course of a young man's life is changed because, at a critical moment, he remembers what a Balzac hero did in a corresponding situation. There is poignant tragedy to follow, for we may not translate the evasions of illusion into the solidities of actuality. True enough that Balzac himself lived the lives of Rastignac and Goriot—but it was in his study and at his writing-table that he lived them.

Finally, there is a road to Mape known as the way of the Interpreter. In The Portrait of an Actress Maurois recalls for us Mrs. Siddons, Reynolds's Tragic Muse, and the pitiful story of the love of her two daughters for Lawrence, the portrait painter. It is on this tragedy, not on the figure of Mrs. Siddons, that the author throws the clear light of his narrative; only to reveal to us, with an oblique suddenness, the way in which the actress, the histrion, finds relief for her harrowed soul in the portrayal of Shakespeare's tragic heroines. The Englishwoman in her stopped up the channels of her own emotion, but there was always Constance to be played, there was always the Mape of Shakespeare, friendly, a land of relief.

The psychology that underlies these three stories is perhaps too agreeably simple. French clarity has been too conscientious in its labors. But when the idea-base of this book is reduced to a pleasant formula, there still remain, exhibited

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as admirably as they were in "Ariel," Maurois's gifts of ironic characterization, narrative swiftness, and ingratiating persuasiveness in the depiction of a milieu.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Jesus and Paul

Jesus the Nazarene. Myth or History? By Maurice Goguel. Translated by Frederick Stephens. D. Appleton and Company. $3.

The Life of Saint Paul. The Man and the Apostle. By F. J. Foakes-Jackson. Boni and Liveright. $4.

BOTH Jesus and Paul were from the first generously heroized by their followers, perhaps quite beyond anything that either of them would have desired. They were both picturesque individuals with dynamic personalities that evoked highly emotional reactions even among their contemporaries. Few characters in history have been as devoutly admired and as bitterly hated by those with whom they came in contact, and each paid the extreme penalty of martyrdom, the price so often exacted in antiquity of one whose conduct proved unpopular with the guardians of the established institutions.

Jesus was not only admired by his friends, but in the years following his crucifixion he was glorified, divinized, and ultimately worshiped. The second and third generations of His disciples composed books in which they blended surviving memories of His words and deeds with their own interpretations of His personality viewed in the light of their present disposition to revere Him as the founder of a new religion. Gradually the simple story of His earthly career was transformed into a display of supernatural power befitting one who subsequently should become an object of adoration. Thus the Jesus of history became the Christ of faith, and ultimately the second person in the godhead. This duality in the early Christian portraiture of Jesus is a discovery of comparatively recent times, when modern historical science has forced students of ancient documents, sacred as well as secular, to distinguish sharply between the interpretative interests of an author and the actual facts that have been embodied in his composition. The New Testament books when read in the light of this critical method of studying documents are now commonly thought to yield two portraits of Jesus, one that of the actual historical person and the other that of the new divinity exalted by the faith of His disciples to a position of honor beside God Himself.

Professor Goguel is a distinguished French scholar who maintains that the historical Jesus is discoverable by eliminating His divine features from the New Testament pictures. But others have drawn a different conclusion. They have held that no such real Jesus is recoverable, that, in fact, he never existed at all except as a purely mythological figure. This skeptical opinion, sporadically advocated in one or another quarter for over half a century, has of late been revived in France and provided the occasion that called forth Goguel's book in defense of the historical reality of an earthly Jesus. As has formerly been the case with protagonists of the negative position, they seek to demonstrate their views by appealing to the evidently mythological features in the New Testament records, while the more sober side of the picture fails to impress them as real. He was simply a cult hero, and the gospel pictures are efforts, not to divinize a real person, but to anthropomorphize a mythical deity.

On the other hand, Goguel appeals to the conclusions now familiar to students in the field of literary criticism of the gospels. Thus working from different premises and employing incompatible methods, the result is the usual impasse. Neither party can convince the other. But it should be said that the present volume is a masterly presentation of its author's position and will seem entirely convincing to readers accustomed to pursue the lines of critical literary study of the New Testament writings.

The task of Professor Foakes-Jackson is of a different sort. It is expository rather than controversial. Then, too, he has documents of Paul's own composition; and the apostle's followers have never transported his personality into the metaphysical sphere. These circumstances greatly simplify the task of a modern biographer. Yet problems are not wanting, though most of them have been rather lightly touched in the present book. It will prove very satisfactory for a reader who has never been troubled by the question of how far Paul's Christianity was influenced through contact with other religions, such as the mysteries, popular in the gentile environment within which the apostle carried on his missionary labors. One whose curiosity has been awakened by this comparatively new but very important aspect of Pauline study will find no answer to his problems in the work of Professor Foakes-Jackson.

SHIRLEY JACKSON CASE

Half a Kingdom

Cyclops' Eye. By Joseph Auslander. Harper and Brothers. $2.

THIS is a book not wanting in lyric lines and keen images. It reveals an alert sensuousness, a young hurt tenderness, a searching responsive mind. But Mr. Auslander seems not yet to have discovered how best to employ his gifts. There are few complete poems here. Most of the inclusions are too elliptically terse for clarity, or flawed by an overstrained intensity of emotion, by a technical equipment whose facility forbids strictness. He has the cyclops' eye of the true poet—he sees, he burns, he makes the giant gesture. This is not enough. The pause, louder than sound, bids the listener shudder. Restraint avoids anti-climax.

Mr. Auslander shows his virtues in such a piece as Inarticulate, a fine voicing of Spring madness; in the vivid portrait evoked by the group of Sonnets to Amy Lowell; in such deft images as these:

> When the branches of the tree
> Antler velvet in the spring. . . .
>
> The wind has edges honed on frost . . .;

but most in the lyrics which speak of water, rains, mist, and fog. When he writes of these, magic spills from his pen-point. He finds words which have the half-palpable contours, the cloudy texture, the twilight density of the weathers whereof he writes. He takes you out to feel and smell them, to melt into their vagueness, and to flicker with their sullen lights.

> The air is webbed with a strict frost;
> And foggily the kenneled hound
> Booms; and every noise is lost
> In its own sound.
>
> Black meadow mist steams
> In a silver vat.
>
> Fog like wool
> Softened the duck's horn;
> Cow and bull
> Strayed steaming, forlorn,
> Ghostly, beautiful.

Mr. Auslander can convey color and the nuances of sound with a sure and skilful hand. He is intensely aware of the sensible manifold that presents itself to eye and ear and touch. He is aware, too, of the tears of things, of the fates that wrench the heart and kindle the mind. But these wake in him a distress that is either too sharp for clear utterance or not woven into the body of his thought as closely as the natural scene which he so finely celebrates. The impression given by this, his second book of verse, is that a poet of nature is discontentedly

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seeking to be the poet of man. When Mr. Auslander tries for pure mood, or when he experiments with narrative, be it under the influence of Masefield, Sandburg, or Frost, he is merely adequate, not excellent. His gift is indubitable. It is only his use of it that is in doubt. Because he can write beautifully, one is more impatient with his lapses. There is too much obscurity, too much tenuity; there are too many classic references, too many mixed images and words used for the rhyme's rather than the meaning's sake. These faults would matter less in work that gave less evidence of power.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

Books in Brief

The Art in Painting. By Albert C. Barnes. Harcourt, Brace and Company.

A new edition under a new imprint of an important critical work recently reviewed at length in *The Nation.*

The Magnificent Idler. The Story of Walt Whitman. By Cameron Rogers. Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.50.

A great artist trimmed to the size of a conventional modern biography.

The Sacred Tree: Being the Second Part of the Tale of Genji. By Lady Murasaki. Translated from the Japanese by Arthur Waley. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

So the delicious story of Prince Genji goes on; and a third part will soon be ready. Mr. Waley wisely prefixes to this portion two essays on Japanese fiction before Lady Murasaki and on the art of Lady Murasaki herself.

The Romantic Theory of Poetry: An Examination in the Light of Croce's Aesthetic. By A. E. Powell (Mrs. E. R. Dodds). Longmans, Green and Company. $4.50.

A philosophic farewell to the romantic conception of poetry —as something which revealed "reality"—developed by Blake, Coleridge, Wordsworth, De Quincey, Shelley, and Keats. One of the most careful statements so far made of the intellectual process by which poetry today is being once more revolutionized.

Contemporary Russian Literature: 1881-1925. By Prince D. S. Mirsky. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

This book falls between two stools. The critical opinions expressed are too personal for the orthodox bio-bibliographical handbook which the author aimed to make. On the other hand, it is not a history of literature of the more ambitious sort because the main outlines are obscured by a clutter of often irrelevant detail, and further because a good deal of the material is too recent to be viewed in historical perspective. The author's avowedly bad English is a serious flaw in a book of literary appreciations. In spite of its failings the volume has some uses as a reference work, because it offers a mass of information which is not otherwise accessible to the English-reading public.

The Romance of Design. By Garnet Warren in collaboration with Horace B. Cheney. Doubleday, Page and Company.

A praiseworthy but superficial effort to popularize the story of designs used through the ages on fine fabrics—silks, velvets, satins. Praiseworthy because the book is the result of research inaugurated by Cheney Brothers, manufacturers of textiles. Such research on the part of any manufacturer is interesting. The authors attempt to set forth the chief social customs, beliefs, and national characteristics which have influenced patterns woven by different nations at different times. Their work is superficial because they fail to show just cause why they do not apply the same standards to modern work. Is there no modern design worth reproducing? And if not, why not? At the back of the book are 76 pages of samples of the designs used by Cheney Brothers, all composed of eclectic work borrowed from other times and other countries. Yet in France Raoul Dufy and other prominent artists are designing patterns for use on textiles, and here the Stehli Silks Corporation are now bringing out a series of "Americana Prints" designed by well-known contemporary artists.

Imperial Rome. By M. P. Nilsson. Translated by G. C. Richards. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.

This is a conservative and sound survey of the political history of the Roman Empire with judicious observations on social and economic conditions. The author knows the value and contents of his sources and also most of the pertinent investigations of his fellow-scholars. He has not attempted to impose any brand-new explanations of a national tragedy that has already invited too many conjectures. The general reader will find the book rather level-going and as profitable as any similar survey of the period; and the specialist will not be harmed if he reviews his pet theories in the cool light of this tranquil book. There are many full-page illustrations, but no footnotes or references. The translation reads well and seems to be competent.

Letters from William Blake to Thomas Butts. Collotype Facsimile. Oxford University Press. $8.50.

The ten letters which William Blake wrote to his faithful and generous patron Thomas Butts have for long been well known. First printed by Gilchrist and reprinted elsewhere they have recently been reedited by Geoffrey Keynes in the Nonesuch edition of Blake's "Writings." It is probable that the collection as we have it here is complete, for Butts seems to have guarded them carefully; at most no more than a few brief and unimportant notes are perhaps missing. The extreme care with which they were written makes them especially well adapted to reproduction in collotype; and so exquisite are the facsimile that in turning the pages one seems to be almost in the presence of the poet's own manuscript. The only novelty in the present collection is a letter from Butts to Blake which had previously been printed only in part. That Butts kept a rough draft of this letter with his letters from Blake accounts for its survival. As now given entire it explains several references in Blake's reply. Its tone of somewhat elephantine humor and good-natured patronage is interesting evidence of the relationship existing between the two men.

Music

The Emotional Trend in Performance

A COMBINATION of optimistic and democratic philosophy is responsible for the belief that artistic excellence, and excellence alone, is rewarded by widespread appreciation. As proof of this contention there is cited the *Sturm und Drang* to hear the Boston Symphony under Dr. Muck, the present Philadelphia Orchestra, or Arturo Toscanini.

But if the enthusiasm at Mr. Toscanini's final concert last season, an enthusiasm described as unprecedented, was a direct response solely to his competence, why was his first visit, in January, 1921, a comparative failure? As a matter of fact there was just as great a demonstration at the final concert of Mr. Furtwaengler's first visit a year ago; and if this was as contended at the time, a direct response to his competence why did presumably the same competence arouse so much less enthusiasm and interest at his second visit? But the greatest tumult of all time occurred in March, 1921, at the final concert of Mr. Mengelberg's first season with the National Symphony; and if this was a response to competence, why has Mr. Mengelberg's work since then, though of equal quality, been treated with indifference?

It depends usually on the reviewers: let them lose their

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heads, and the public will lose theirs. The report of phenomenal excellence (the old Boston, the Philadelphia, Mr. Mengelberg in 1921, Mr. Furtwaengler in 1925, Mr. Toscanini in 1926) or of anything else that is phenomenal (Mr. Koussevitzky in 1924; also Mr. Klemperer, whose mannerisms triumphed over unfavorable reviews) sends the public scampering after tickets. When these are all gone there is a new reason for trying to get in: the fact that one can't. Reports of inaccessibility attract the persons who will struggle for anything that is inaccessible; reports of struggles attract the persons who assume that what is fought for is worth fighting for. Inside the hall there is lightning and thunder. And to all this the reviewers point as confirmation of their own judgments: the public is responsive to artistic excellence. The second season, if the concerts are still few and talked about (Mr. Stokowski and Mr. Koussevitzky), the atmosphere continues to be electric; but when the guest returns as permanent conductor of a resident orchestra with several series of concerts (Mr. Mengelberg and Mr. Furtwaengler) he is an old story and accessible, and interest, first of the reviewers and then consequently of the public, dies out.

The decisive fact, then, is that in 1921 Mr. Aldrich of the *Times* was lukewarm to Mr. Toscanini and all but excited over Mr. Mengelberg, and in 1926 Mr. Downes of the *Times* is cool to Mr. Mengelberg and hot about Mr. Toscanini. For me this difference in critical opinion represents a shift in taste, and this, in turn, a change in the executive art to which the taste refers.

Musical performance seems to be recapitulating the development of music itself: from architectural it has become emotional. Formerly changes in tempo and color revealed pattern and structure, now they convey emotions; and as against Mr. Mengelberg's architectonics of form we now have Mr. Toscanini's architectonics of emotions. This tendency is all to the good in a work like "Götterdämmerung": Mr. Toscanini's performance is the more shattering, and therefore to be preferred to Dr. Muck's. It is less good for Beethoven: here, though there is emotional content, the style remains architectural and demands the solidity of Mr. Mengelberg rather than the sinuous curves of Mr. Toscanini. And it is no good at all for purely architectural music. For it did music with emotional content little harm to be performed by Mr. Mengelberg, for example, as though it were purely architectural; the moods were realized anyhow, indirectly; but when architectural music is performed as though it were emotional, it acquires emotional content and in so doing changes its essential character. When, in particular, Bach is played by Mr. Samuel like Chopin or Liszt, he draws closer to Chopin and Liszt. This makes him more attractive, but it is well to realize that what is more attractive is no longer Bach, but Bach plus—plus a style of performance, plus the emotions associated by convention with the changes in tempo and color that make up that style.

It is well to realize this because of the very nature of these emotions, which has also changed. Formerly they were objective, a content of the music; now performance has come to include extreme, eccentric nuances which we associate with the emotions of the performer. What is conveyed to us is not so much a romantic Bach as—so we think—a romantic Samuel. Similarly a pressing tempo, interrupted by nuances out of proportion to it, conveys not so much an impetuous and imperious Brahms as an impetuous and imperious Stokowski; for this personal or subjective style, until recently restricted to performance on a single instrument (a pianist would play more soberly with orchestra), has now been transferred to orchestral performance as well. Formerly, then, though we heard a symphony or tone-poem necessarily through the ears of a Muck or a Mengelberg, what we heard was a structure of the symphony or a mood of the tone-poem; now what we get through the ears of Mr. Toscanini impresses us chiefly as the personal *élan* of Mr. Toscanini. Formerly the aim was to make explicit in the music its own inner coherence, or at any rate *an* inner coherence; now the music is carried along by sheer personal momentum which is essentially extra-musical but as such more direct and much wider in its appeal.

Hence, perhaps, the shift in taste. The reviewers of 1921 required the formal architectonics they had been accustomed to, in Dr. Muck's performances, for example; and this they found in Mr. Mengelberg. The nuances and curves of Mr. Toscanini impressed these reviewers as introducing into German music an essentially alien, if occasionally alluring, Italianate element; and the term they applied to Mr. Stokowski's performances was "perfumed." Today it is precisely the perfumed, the Italianate, the sinuous that is wanted, or rather, the intense personal emotion it seems to communicate. For the most part the architectonic skill of Mr. Mengelberg finds no comprehension; of a marvelously articulated and integrated performance of Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra" the incredible Mr. Chotzinoff writes that the parts had no relation to each other. But even Mr. Gilman, who does appreciate it, finds the other more alluring and intoxicating; a mere pressure in tempo and Mr. Stokowski is everything a great conductor should be, instead of only one or two things. Music, Mr. Gilman insists correctly, cannot speak for itself, its full stature is revealed only by a great interpreter; but it appears, from his judgments, that it attains its full stature only when it communicates to him an *élan* which is the dynamic force that propels it and the magnetic force that holds it together. For Mr. Gilman, again, the great interpreter is one who reveals new beauty in familiar music, makes the second-rate appear first-rate, and gives each type of music its correct style; but, so far as I can make out, the new beauty Mr. Gilman hears in familiar music is only the *élan* of Mr. Toscanini, the first-rate in the second-rate is again Mr. Toscanini, and the uncanny perfection in each style is still Mr. Toscanini. And Mr. Toscanini, paradoxically, is the artist whom all praise for his selfless attitude toward his art.

B. H. HAGGIN

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International Relations Section

The Bolivar Centennial

By EDWARD E. CURTIS

ON June 22, 1826, there assembled in the historic city of Panama, largely through the initiative of the great South American liberator, Simon Bolivar, the first Pan-American Congress. To commemorate the one-hundredth anniversary of this event, delegates from the various American republics assembled at Panama from June 16 to 25 at what was called the Bolivarian Congress. Nineteen of the American republics were officially represented. Spain because of her historic and cultural relations with Latin America, and England and Holland because they were represented at the Congress of 1826, were invited to send observers. Owing to Henry Clay's services to Pan-Americanism, Kentucky enjoyed the unique distinction of being the only State in the Union to be individually represented. The spokesmen of the United States Government were John G. South, American Minister to Panama; William J. Price, former American Minister to Panama; and Charles W. Hackett, professor of Latin-American history at the University of Texas. A number of learned and professional societies and about twenty-five colleges and universities sent representatives by invitation.

The congress held most of its plenary sessions in the aula maxima of the National Institute, where marble-tiled flooring, a handsome arcade, and walls decorated with medallions of distinguished Panamanian jurists scarcely atoned for the poor acoustics. Much time was consumed in formalities. But while the purpose of the congress was primarily commemorative, it manifested from the start a tendency to drift into political discussion of a vital character. Especially was it tempted to touch the forbidden fruit of United States policy in the Caribbean. There was evident an undercurrent of distrust, not to say enmity, toward the United States because of its intervention in Haiti, Nicaragua, Honduras, and other Caribbean lands.

The evil impression created by our domination of this area was illustrated at the opening of the congress. The head of each delegation was asked to make a brief speech of greeting and congratulation, the speeches being delivered in alphabetical order according to countries, beginning with Argentina and ending with Venezuela. Most of the orators confined themselves to innocuous generalities and the hand-clapping was rather perfunctory. When the turn of Dr. Alfredo Trejo Castillo of Honduras arrived, he seized the opportunity to hint at the growing power of the United States in the Caribbean and to warn his hearers against the "colossus of the North." His remarks were greeted with a storm of applause and he was obliged to rise and bow three times before the audience would permit the program to be resumed. No other delegate was equally honored. In a flash, delegates from the United States perceived how their country stood in the estimation of many Latin Americans.

Dr. Castillo was the stormy petrel of the congress. A few days later he boldly introduced a resolution to the effect that one of the most cherished aspirations of the American states was to see Porto Rico independent. The president of the Independence Party of Porto Rico promptly cabled a message urging the congress to support the resolution, but the executive committee of the congress shelved the whole business as containing too much dynamite.

The delegate of another Caribbean republic long occupied by United States marines also illustrated the suspicion entertained by the countries to the south regarding the government at Washington. Dr. Daniel Gutierrez Navas of Nicaragua proposed that the headquarters of the Pan American Union be transferred from Washington to Panama. At once the fat was in the fire. Everyone realized that Dr. Navas was expressing a feeling widespread throughout Latin America that the Pan-American Union as at present located is too much under the thumb of the State Department. Warm applause greeted the proposal Mendez Pereira, the president of the congress, adjourned the proceedings before a vote could be taken, ostensibly on the ground that Dr. Ricardo J. Alfaro, the representative of the Pan-American Union, was not present. When the matter was subsequently taken up, Dr. Alfaro made a cogent plea for the present location of the Union and Dr. Navas with obvious reluctance withdrew his undiplomatic resolution.

One sensed, too, that the aggressive policy of the United States in the Caribbean was present in the minds of the Latin-American delegates, when Dr. Harmodio Arias of Uruguay persuaded the congress to adopt a resolution to the effect that any act violating international law committed against one American republic should constitute an offense against all and "provoke a common and uniform reaction."

To be sure, President Chiari of Panama took occasion in a speech to the chairmen of the different delegations to deny that so far as Panama is concerned the United States harbored any purpose of domination; but when one considers that Panama is now seeking a loan in the United States through the agency of the National City Bank, President Chiari's rush to defend the good name of the "colossus of the North" is understandable.

The work of the congress was done partly in plenary session and partly in committee. Five committees were appointed in addition to a steering committee consisting of the heads of the delegations. One was charged with consideration of a league of American states, a second with the subject of a pan-American university, a third with pan-Americanism and international law, a fourth with the problem of diffusing more effectively among the states of the New World a knowledge of one another's language and culture, and a fifth with the influence of the Panama Canal upon the Americans. Scholars had, by invitation, prepared papers on these subjects to be read at the congress. The papers were turned over to the appropriate committee which discussed them and frequently used them as the basis of recommendations to the congress. The official delegates of the United States were forbidden by the State Department to vote on any resolutions of a political character.

Outside of the business sessions of the congress and the round of social events the most significant incidents were the unveiling of Benlliures's monument to Bolivar and the inauguration of the Bolivarian University, a pan-American institution designed to unite the peoples of America through intellectual ties and develop the ideals of peace and cooperation which were Bolivar's dream. The ceremonies inaugurating the university were not wanting in interest and solemnity. The outstanding addresses were those by

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Antonio Mediz Bolio of Mexico and Professor Hackett, who represented on this occasion not the United States Government but the United States educational delegations. His speech, finely idealistic, was delivered in Spanish.

The congress accomplished three major results. First, it recommended the establishment of a league of American nations based upon the principle that an injury to one, in violation of international law, should be regarded as an injury to all. Second, it inaugurated the Pan-American or Bolivarian University. Last, the congress showed that the principal bar to genuinely friendly relations between the United States and its Southern neighbors is the policy of the United States in the Caribbean. Whatever may be alleged in defense of that policy the fact remains that it raises in the popular mind throughout Latin America distrust and suspicion. Statesmen of the two Americas may dwell eloquently upon the common interests of the United States and the other republics of the New World, but their words are, as one Latin-American delegate put it, mere "apple sauce" as long as the United States treats the little Caribbean states as hunting grounds for American capitalists and training grounds for American marines.

Persia and Turkey Form an Alliance

THE *Frankfurter Zeitung* of July 29 gave the following summary of an important Turkish-Persian treaty concluded on April 22, 1926, as abridged from the official French text published in the *Messenger* of Teheran:

This treaty, called a treaty of friendship and security, binds the two contracting parties not to attack one another, not to participate in a hostile action undertaken by a third power, not to enter a political, economic, or financial treaty or convention directed against the other.

The contracting parties further agree to oppose with its military forces any third Power which attempts to make use of its territory in a move against the other, by the passage of troops or military stores, for military surveys, as a base of military operations, as an avenue of retreat, or by inciting its people against the other state.

The contracting parties further agree not to tolerate within their boundaries any organization whose purpose it is to disturb the peace or security of the other or to change its constitution, and to expel all persons who indulge in such activity.

The contracting parties further agree to take all necessary measures, either separately or together, to prevent unstable border peoples living in their territories from making incursions into the territory of the other.

Within six months after the ratification of this treaty the two states will send plenipotentiaries to Teheran to conclude agreements on commerce, consular representation, customs, postal and telegraph service, and extradition. They will further agree upon methods of settling disputes arising between them which cannot be settled by diplomatic means.

This treaty was written in Turkish, Persian, and French, but in case of differences of opinion the French text is to be considered authentic. Its duration is set at five years, but it will continue automatically from year to year unless denounced, upon six months' notice, by one of the Powers.

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